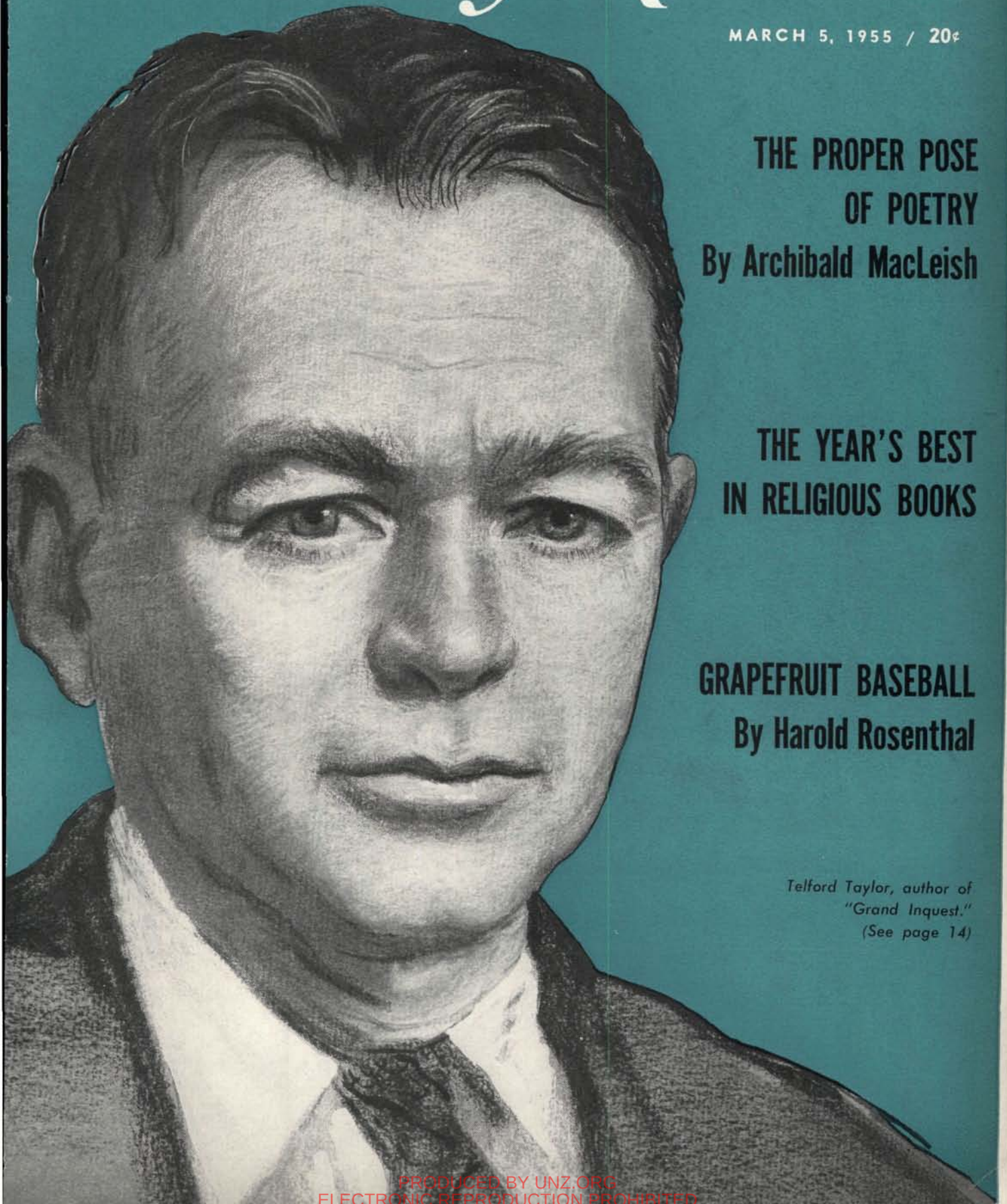
Saturday Review

MARCH 5, 1955 / 20¢



THE PROPER POSE OF POETRY
By Archibald MacLeish

THE YEAR'S BEST IN RELIGIOUS BOOKS

GRAPEFRUIT BASEBALL
By Harold Rosenthal

Telford Taylor, author of "Grand Inquest."
(See page 14)

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PHILEAS FOGG, MEET NELLIE BLY!

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MARCH 5, 1955

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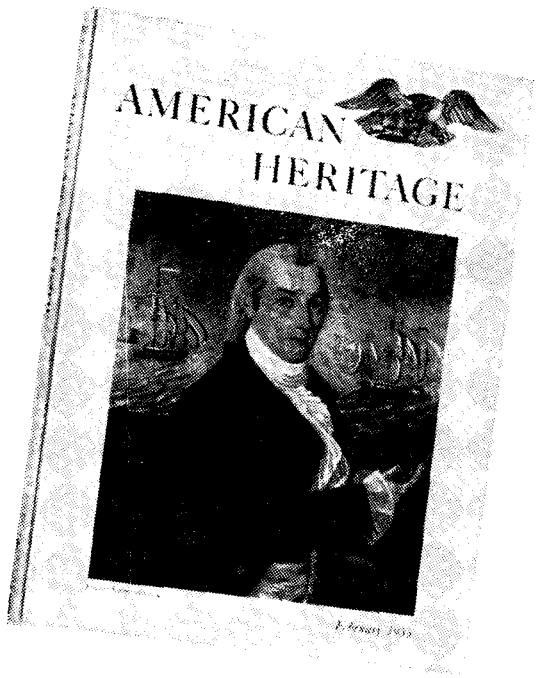

An Intimate View of Four Presidents

BY VICE ADMIRAL WILSON BROWN, USN (RET.). Cal Coolidge got visibly seasick *(left)* but enjoyed his job more than Hoover. With F.D.R. life at the White House, at sea and at conferences like Yalta was a series of adventures. In a 30,000-word condensation of a brilliant, unpublished memoir, Admiral Brown, who was Naval Aide to four presidents – from Coolidge to Truman – throws fresh light on history, on the last days of Roosevelt, and on the private lives of the men he served.

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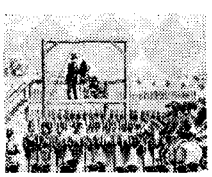

The Hanging of John Brown

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT SUPPRESSED FOR 95 YEARS. "Porte Crayon" Strother stood at the foot of the scaffold when the "awful majesty of the law" was executed on the angry prophet of freedom; he reported the fascinating events of Brown's last hours for *Harper's Weekly*. But the story was suppressed. Here, for its deep historical interest, is a strange "lost" manuscript, with explanatory notes by a Brown expert. Among the illustrations is the sketch *(left)* made by Strother.

★

Each issue of American Heritage seeks out fresh manuscript material of this kind, for its importance and its excitement.

How Good Is Our "Primitive" Folk Art?

A DISSENTING OPINION FROM JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER. Much as many Americans, not excepting leading collectors and museums, cherish the awkward early native art disgorged from old attics and barns – praising it as the real,"honest" art of this country – most of it is nonsense. Or so suggests this leading art historian in a provocative analysis of the "cult of the primitives." Handsomely illustrated in color.

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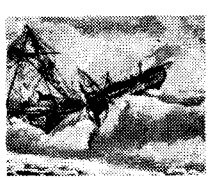
Each issue of American Heritage includes a lively, well-documented art feature. (April: The remarkable Peale family.)



Salem Wins a Fortune in the Far Indies

YANKEE ADVENTURERS IN THE CHINA TRADE. This article, lavishly illustrated in color from the great seafaring art collection of the Peabody Museum, recreates the era of the merchant princes of Old Salem and of adventure along the Pepper Coast and the wharves of Canton. Salem's bold sailors, one of whom appears on the cover *(above)*, plucked the treasure of the Indies and created America's first millionaires. Written by Charles H. P. Copeland of the Peabody Museum.

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—*BRUCE BLIVEN, *Harper's*

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TRADE Winds

EVER SINCE I WAS thoughtful enough to send my old friends Nell and Lynn Farnol a goat for a weekend present I have felt that these noble animals (the goats, not the Farnols) needed a good publicity agent. The Farnols did not take kindly to my gift. In the first place they named it "Mr. Cerf," though the most cursory examination would have disclosed the fact that it was a lady goat. In the second place they claimed that my sweet, amiable beastie polluted the atmosphere, especially when the wind was blowing from White Plains. Another libel! The aroma to which they objected was finally traced to the cigars smoked by a distinguished publisher on Purchase Street.

I am glad to see that so reliable an author as George Sessions Perry finally has rallied to the defense of goatdom, in an article he wrote for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Declares Professor Perry:

> Goats have been the victim of prejudice for centuries. Yet, despite this calumny, only with rare exceptions do they ever dream of making head-on flying tackles at the human fundament.
>
> Again, only when the first nip of autumn comes into the air do they generate any noteworthy odor. On the contrary, goats are among the most fastidious, clean, inventive, endearing, and alert of man's four-legged friends. As individuals they often have irresistible charm.
>
> I've walked through whole pastures of goats, none of which cared to attack me. I've grabbed them and smelled them at point-blank range when the temperature stood close to 100, and those goats were not offensive.

Actually a goat has more cu osity, a stronger tendency tow adventure, than most animals. example, leave your car for a n ment in a goat pasture and yo return to find a full coterie on and another inside the car. I do guarantee they will start it drive it, but one, almost certai will blow the horn.

Indeed, fanciers feel, goats their tasteful ways, their abi gracefully to leap through the their choice of browse and the ma ner in which they raise their yo more closely resemble deer t any other animal.

ROOTS . . . A red-headed countess v cut a wide swath in the early eig eenth century was responsible Tom Costain turning to fiction wi ing at the age of fifty-five. At le that's what he told staff writer Wallace, of *The New York Wo Telegram*. This countess, said T had a husband who was arrested Scotland and imprisoned in the To of London. The redhead broke i King George's castle, pleaded for release of her husband, and when ordered her thrown off the premi hung to his coattails and couldn't pried loose. His Majesty pulled the length of the castle when he w to lunch, finally cried, "Get cursed wench away from me and lease her cursed husband, so I eat my meal in peace." Were it for this surefingered countess whose memory Doubleday sho erect a statue) Costain might still engaged in the publishing busin . . . If you should chance to walk 23rd Street between Ninth and Te Avenues in New York you might g

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a thought to Clement Clark Moore, wealthy professor of Greek and Hebrew, who lived there in 1823. The name of his home was "Chelsea," later applied to the whole district. The good professor tired of his Greek and Hebrew long enough one evening in 1823 to dash off a little poem. He called it "A Visit from Saint Nicholas," and the meter of the verse (" 'Twas the night before Christmas/ When all through the house," etc., etc.) was suggested to him, declares Clark Kinnaird, by a jingle of sleighbells—a sound long since replaced in that neighborhood by the melancholy toot of giant liners like the *Queen Elizabeth* inching away from their docks.

JERRY BRUCK is readying a novel about a baseball umpire named Gibbon for publication about the time the new season opens. This Gibbon loses his glasses during a twilight game at Ebbets Field, spends the rest of his life in a futile search for them, and finally plunges to his death from the second tier of a grandstand in Kansas City. The title, of course, will be "The Decline and Fall of the Roaming Umpire." . . . A big executive at RCA pausing to skim the pages of the Kinsey Report observed tartly, "I think the good doctor is more interested in High Frequency than he is in High Fidelity." . . . Nell Dirks, of *The Progressive Farmer,* produces evidence that many a journalist has had a little pun with the naming of a budding newspaper. The college daily at Mississippi Southern, for instance, is called *The Student Printz.* In Arkansas, you'll find *De Queen Bee* in De Queen, *The Echo* in Yellville, and *The Hot Springs Rub-Down* in the famous health resort Hot Springs. *The Derrick* operates in Oil City, Pennsylvania, and *The Epitaph* dishes out the news in Tombstone, Arizona. . . . A recent and delectable Virgil Partch cartoon depicts a surgeon performing a delicate operation before an en-

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thralled gallery. But one important factor is missing: there's no patient on the operating table—just a long piece of string! The explanation is whispered into the ear of one spectator by the nurse: "Poor Dr. Goldbrick is operating on a shoestring!"

OBSERVATION BY RONALD COLMAN, in one of the most literate and consistently amusing of the weekly TV shows, "Halls of Ivy": "No wonder the historical novel is so popular. Take one tiny pinch of garbled fact, add a muscular moron in black tights and an unattached girl with neckline elevated slightly higher than her moral sense, pad for 400 pages, and you've got four bucks' worth of book-club bait!" . . . A Hollywood press agent called a columnist to report the sudden death of a famous English novelist and polisher of screen epics. "I can't run it," said the columnist firmly. "I used his name in my column last week." . . . "Wimpfheimer," said the philosophy prof sternly, "I'm sure you're the lad who can tell us the author of 'Critique of Pure Reason'." Wimpfheimer, exhausted by a night of carousing at the Williamstown Book Shop, admitted desperately, "I. Kant." "Amazing," exclaimed the professor. "This is the first correct answer you've given me in your five years as a freshman." . . . The president of a big bank went back to his old college for reunion, chanced upon the examination questions that had been thrown at the senior class in economics. "I'm surprised at you Professor Satorius," he chided.

Woman and Snake

By Sara Henderson Hay

FOR old acquaintance' sake
which we in Eden made,
You need not fear, good snake,
My heel upon your head.

Of all who breathed that air
You most suited my mind:
I liked you that you were
Not humble, not kind;

But a plotter, and a rebel,
With a tongue smoother
For being double—
And we talked together!

Still with my blood I hear
Oh clearer and stronger
And than all sounds lovelier
The whisper of danger!

Is it not still our nature
To trouble, at length, God's peace?
Oh perilous, subtile creature,
I remember your voice!

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"These are the very same questions you gave my graduating class twenty-eight years ago." "True," the professor countered, "but remember that in economics every year the *answers* are different."

KOKICHI MIKIMOTO, known throughout the Orient as "The Pearl King," died last September at the ripe old age of ninety-six, and the enterprising Jae Greenberg promptly signed Robert Eunson, chief of the A.P. Bureau in Tokyo, to write his biography. What a rich and varied story it promises to be! Kokichi began his career as a vendor of noodles, but in 1905 he discovered the secret of producing cultured pearls by inserting a granule of mother-of-pearl into the flesh of an oyster.

Soon Mikimoto pearl salons were raking in the shekels in major cities the world over, and at the height of his career Kokichi's oysters were producing fully 75 per cent of the world's supply of pearls. His fortune grew to such proportions that he made the Aga Khan look like a retail bookseller in Worcester, Massachusetts. On the side Kokichi practised amateur magic. He could do the magic coin trick better than Marc Connelly. He juggled cigar boxes and empty oyster shells while his employes were digging out pearls for him, and is even rumored to be the scamp who asked a fellow-prestigitator, "Who is that lady I sawed you in half with last night?"

A movie producer I know would like to sign Orson Welles to play the part on the screen. "I'll bet Orson would be interested, too," he surmises. "And, knowing his modest demands, I probably could get him for only nine-tenths of Mikimoto's pearls." —BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 611

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 611 will be found in the next issue.

FDNZ NGDPN BUXI OG

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 610

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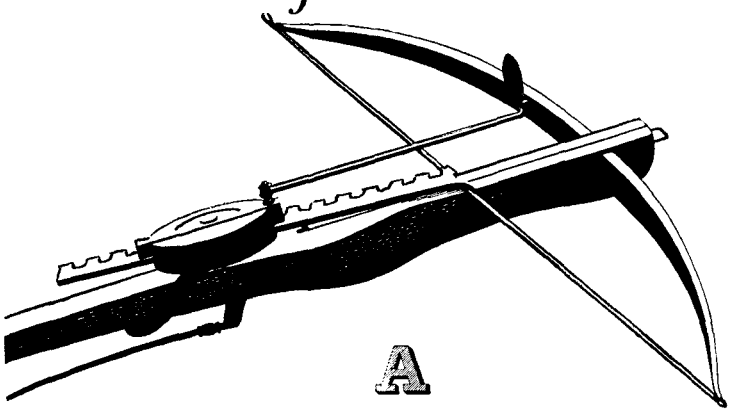

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SR's Library Poll

THE Emperor Hadrian was one of those strongminded, hardworking rulers on which the Roman Empire depended to patch the holes left by the bizarre and depraved ones. But Hadrian himself had a private life which was the scandal and delight of his world; and Miss Yourcenar, in "Hadrian's Memoirs" (#11 on *SR*'s list), has brilliantly sketched the inner conflict between the canny and sober veteran who was also the passionate lover of a Greek slave.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The View from Pompey's Head**
   by Hamilton Basso (F)*
2. **My Several Worlds**
   by Pearl Buck (G)**
3. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
   by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
4. **Love Is Eternal**
   by Irving Stone (F)
5. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
6. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A**
   by Richard Aldrich (G)
7. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)
8. **Treadmill to Oblivion**
   by Fred Allen (G)
9. **No Time for Sergeants**
   by Mac Hyman (F)
10. **Katherine**
    by Anya Seton (F)
11. **Hadrian's Memoirs**
    by Marguerite Yourcenar (F)
12. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
13. **A World of Love**
    by Elizabeth Bowen (F)
14. **My Brother's Keeper**
    by Marcia Davenport (F)
15. **The Tumult and the Shouting**
    by Grantland Rice (G)
16. **The Woman Within**
    by Ellen Glasgow (G)
17. **The Cornerstone**
    by Zoe Oldenbourg (F)
18. **R.S.V.P.**
    by Elsa Maxwell (G)
19. **Abraham Lincoln**
    by Carl Sandburg (G)
20. **I Led Three Lives**
    by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

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The Saturday Review
MARCH 5, 1955

THE PROPER POSE OF POETRY

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

Pulitzer and Bollingen prizewinning author of many books of prose and poetry, Librarian of Congress (1939-44), Assistant Secretary of State (1944-45), and recipient of innumerable other honors, Mr. MacLeish now teaches at Harvard University. In this article he draws out the peculiar realms of poetry—what poetry can and cannot do, where it ought and ought not live, what it may and may not say.

POETRY, according to Mallarmé's celebrated dictum, is made of words. Which is another way of saying that poetry is not vision but art. This proposition, however, though easy to speak and easy to listen to, is not always easily understood. Ordinary speech is also made out of words as is the sentence I am now writing, *The New York Times,* and the whole body of literature described as prose. If a poem is something made of words, why is not the *Times* poetry?

One answer might be, and in certain quarters is, that the difference relates to the use to which words are put. Poets use words as the material of art, the plastic substance of art, as sculptors use stone or as painters use paint. Other writers use words as words, which is to say, as means to meaning. But this distinction, though it distinguishes, takes in too much territory to be very useful. Does Hemingway, whose prose is a model of what *prose* should be, not use his words on occasion as material of art? And does Yeats at his greatest, to say nothing of older poets, not sometimes use words as words—as means to meaning?

The real difference, obviously, lies somewhere else. It lies not in the use made of words but in the *way* in which words are used. Granted that poetry, like prose, is made of words, what is the difference between the way words are used in poetry and the way words are used in prose which makes the difference between the arts? What is the language of poetry?

That question can be best pursued by examining a particular poem:

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! It is an ever-fixéd mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom:—
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

What will be immediately evident to anyone reading or hearing this familiar poem of Shakespeare is that the poetry does not inhere in the individual words. They are words which belong to the ordinary language and which, with the possible exception of "bark" and "ever-fixéd," would be at home in any kind of prose. The poetry inheres not in "remover" or in "wandering" or in "sickle" or in any other single word but in the relation of all these words to each other. But what is that relation? The poem, as we all of course know—though I doubt very much that our ears alone would tell us—is

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a sonnet. Which means that it has fourteen lines divided into blocks of eight and six with a break in the middle. And that each line has five stresses and ten syllables, more or less, arranged metrically in what is inadequately known as an iambic pattern. And that the rhyme scheme, the poet being Shakespeare, is a:b:a:b in three repetitions followed by a couplet. But does all this satisfactorily define the relationship we feel: the sense of wholeness, of completeness within themselves, the words give us? I should doubt it. There are sonnets—thousands of them—which exhibit all these characteristics and are still not poems.

WHAT then gives this sonnet poetry? The content of its words? Shall we take refuge in the paradox, once so popular in certain contemporary literary and artistic circles, that the content is the form? Do we take our sense of wholeness and completeness from the propositions that the "marriage" of true minds is not to be impeded; that love which is really love does not change because it meets with change; that true love is the fixéd mark by which all men are guided; that though time may alter the beloved face, love will not alter with time; that if all this is untrue then no man ever loved?

Not, certainly, if the propositions are divorced in this way from the poem. Within the poem, and in the words of the poem, their relationship to each other is undoubtedly part, and an essential part, of the form. Within the poem, and in the words of the poem, we accept these statements as composing one of the noblest affirmations of the worth of human love our literature affords. But taken out of the poem, taken as themselves, they are nothing but assertions: and assertions, moreover, of a doubtful truth and a questionable beauty. The secret of the poem is not to be found in them.

Where then does it lie? If the words themselves are not different from words in prose, if it is the relation of the words to each other that is different, in what does the difference consist? One answer will be suggested by a reading aloud of the sonnet. The relation to each other of the *sounds* of these words, it will be found, is much more complicated, much more patterned, much more "regulated" as the Chinese say, much stricter, than the relation of the sounds of words in prose. All words, in all forms of discourse, are related to each other in time, not space. They arrive and depart in sequence. They follow each other past the reader's eye, the hearer's ear, as events in time go past. These words of Shakespeare, however, unlike words in prose, go past in patterns of repeated and modulated sound. They go past not as the leaves blow by a window, but as surges go by at sea with their resembling crests, their constant intervals.

What disciplines them, what composes their movement, we see readily enough. There is rhyme imposing its echoes of recurrence on the stream of sound so that the sound returns upon itself at measured distances. There is meter with its regularity of interval and beat. But meter and rhyme are only the most palpable devices. Words as sounds may be related to each other in an almost infinite variety of ways and can be made, by those who have the necessary skill, to reveal the subtlest patterns as a wood-duck's feathers will, tilted this way and that against the light. Consider the patterns here:

There is the pattern, in counterpoint against the regular iambic meter, of the meaningful and speaking voice which, in the line

> But bears it out even to the edge
> of doom,

overmasters the iambic beat and turns it back on itself, and which, throughout the poem, alters its pace from time to time, hastening over such lines as

> Bends with remover to remove

and dragging almost to the breaking point over

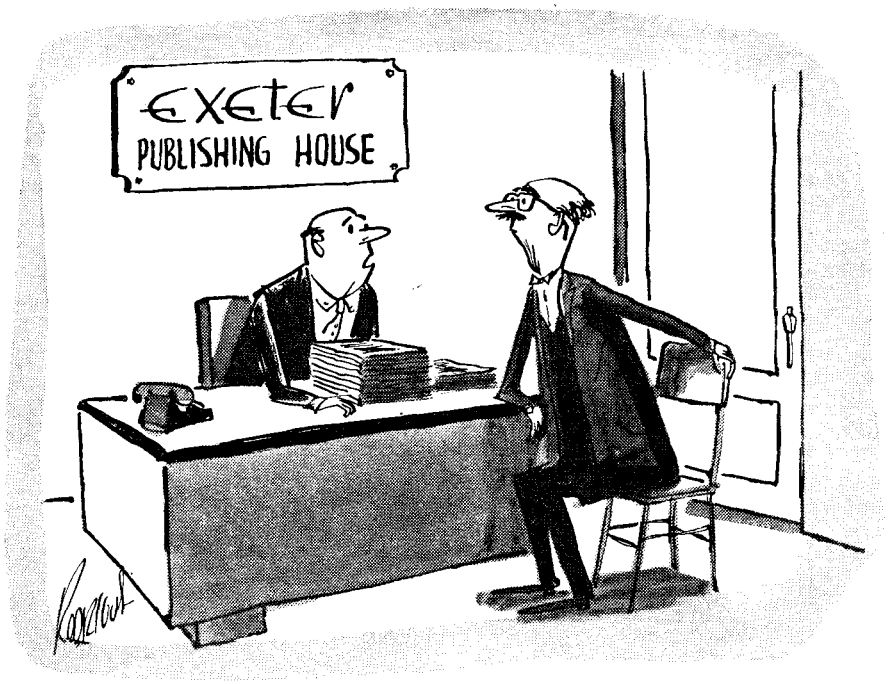
> Within his bending sickle's com-
> pass come.

There is the pattern made by the sequence of syllables, opening and closing on themselves: the consonants with their Ms and Ls and Vs and Fs in honor of the "marriage" and the "love" which are the theme; the vowels with their subtle married echoes of each other:

> Let me not to the marriage of
> true minds
> Admit impediments . . .

But a reading of the sound of the poem gives only half the answer because it is impossible, words being what they are, to read the sound without reading the sense at the same time. When the sense is read, however, the whole impression alters. Regarded as sounds the relations of these words may be far stricter, far more orderly, than the relations of words in ordinary speech, but regarded as sense the unmitigated contrary is true. These words of Shakespeare, taken in the ordinary way, as words with meanings, are not only no more orderly than words in common discourse: they are far less orderly. The ordering factor in any meaningful discourse is that logical structure of words which gives them sense—the expected association and sequence of ideas—the mind's custom. But here the expected association is neglected, not to say violated, time after time. Consider the sequences of the images these words create—their carelessness of common assumption, their dis-

(*Continued on page* 47)



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—Illustrations by Yokoyama Taikan.

"... a reputation in Japan roughly comparable to that of Matisse in Europe."

THE OCTOPUS OF THE MASTER

By FAUBION BOWERS

DURING the Occupation of Japan about six years ago two American soldiers were wandering around the narrow, winding gravel streets of Atami, a popular seaside resort town a couple of hours away from the busy rush of Tokyo. They were apparently on a weekend pass, with nothing much to do, and were spending that morning looking at the shops and marketplaces full of unfamiliar wares. One store in particular attracted them, and they lingered in front of it for a long time.

It was a small, simple fish market with its neat array of freshly caught fish and seafood just brought in from the sea. The display lay spread out on a table of crushed ice which jutted from the showcase window onto the sidewalk. The two soldiers seemed entranced by the spectacle of the half-live fish, shellfish, and crustaceans, and were clearly commenting on the variety and pointing out what they recognized. Among the salmon, sole, shrimp, crayfish, crab, and even abalone, with its lustrous, blue-green shell perforated with a row of holes like a string of hollow pearls, was one item which seemed to puzzle them. Displayed with rather special prominence and stabbed with a price tag in numerals which the soldiers could read, it was obviously a luxury item of some sort. The outer flesh was pinkish; the underside was white. Parts were smooth and rounded; others were tendrils with pink and white holes in them. But the whole thing had been cut into so many slices and placed on the street table of ice in such a jumble the soldiers could not make out its original shape. Finally they asked the shopkeeper about it in loud, overemphatic pidgin; but he only smiled and amiably waved his hands in front of his face to tell them he did not understand English.

All this time an undistinguished-looking old man had been in the shop standing with his purchase wrapped into a small package dangling from a string around his finger, and watching the soldiers' bafflement. He was dressed like any other "Japanese gentleman" of a slightly old-fashioned generation in a thick silk kimono of pale brown half-hidden by the formal outer-coat of black, tied in front with a fuzzy bow knot. Because of the years of austerity, his clothes like those of most Japanese then showed considerable wear and were in places almost threadbare. On his head he wore a Western-style felt hat whose warped, rippling brim shielded his eyes from the warm Atami sun and the glare of reflection from the summer rays. With a flickering smile he approached the soldiers motioning for them to wait. He then took a piece of the store's wrapping paper, borrowed the brush with which the shopkeeper wrote his accounts, and began to draw with lightning swift strokes. Before he had half finished one of the soldiers intently staring over the old man's shoulder understood and nodded comprehendingly. The old Japanese added faint suggestions of waves to the drawing and, as if by magic, an octopus seemed to come to life on the paper—floating gently and peacefully in the warm blue waters there across the road and in sight of the fish market. Apparently blossoming under the wide-eyed admiration of the soldiers, he drew as a bonus for them a tiny squid with ten tentacles, a smaller and lesser cousin of the octopus family, and pointed to the slices of it which were also on display. When the drawing was finished one of the soldiers pointed to his own mouth, questioningly. The old man soberly nodded. The idea that the Japanese eat octopus and squid and consider them a delicious addition to any meal was apparently new to the soldiers. He squinted his eyes with pleasure and nodded again, this time more emphatically, as if to say "how tasty!" One of the GIs seemed especially charmed by the drawing and at a loss for Japanese words bowed deeply and made a questioning movement toward putting the picture in his pocket. The old man, obviously amused, took the picture back, signed it, and then gave it to the soldier.

THE friend who told me the story, and was in fact the obliging customer in the fish shop, is Yokoyama Taikan, Japan's seniormost and most beloved artist. Taikan has in the course of his eighty-seven years of steady work

明治三十年作　日本絵画協会第二回共進会出品　絹本　彩畫　縦四尺七寸　横二尺八寸　国立博物館蔵

"... lightning-swift strokes."

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. . . no painter is more sought after or commands a higher price.

built up a reputation in Japan roughly comparable to that of Henri Matisse in Europe. Here no painter is better known; and none is more sought after or commands a higher price. To the Japanese he is considered a master of the traditional, impressionistic line and yet at the same time his inspirations are as fresh to his admirers as the latest rage from Europe. His cottage in Atami attracts dozens of disciples and hundreds of pilgrims who go as much to have a look at his peaceful and benign face as to see the tiny handful of paintings left on his walls. Not long ago he was appointed a member of Japan's ultra-exclusive Art Academy, whose few and rare presentations are made by the Emperor himself. His reputation has extended to Europe and America, as no representative exhibition of Japanese art could go abroad without including at least one of his works. At a recent department-store exhibition the catalogue of owners who lent their Taikans could have been a list of Japan's most honored and distinguished citizens.

When I fought my way through the crowds to see the exhibition of Yokoyama Taikan's masterpieces I could not help wondering if that G.I. ever took the trouble to decipher the signature on his painting. I wonder, too, if he ever realized that his casual and beautiful souvenir of the sea resort of Atami would be worth around 200,000 *Yen*, about $600.

六日蓮

U.S.A.

Congress's Misused Tools

***"Grand Inquest," by Telford Taylor** (Simon & Schuster. 358 pp. $4.50), is an account of Congressional investigations with an appraisal of their usefulness to our present situation. It is reviewed below by Ernest Angell, member of the New York bar and currently chairman of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union.*

By Ernest Angell

THE continuing frustrations which have followed the abortive peace of 1945 seem to impel us, in America, in two opposing directions: a great number into wishing to stamp out all dissent from the simple orthodoxy of beliefs, a smaller number into what Judge Learned Hand calls "that most distasteful of all our activities—'the intolerable labor of thought'." At the moment, when both houses of Congress are on the point of giving some attention to the much criticized procedures of their loyalty investigating committees and to possible revision of the standards for security risks in Government employment, Telford Taylor's "Grand Inquest," a study of Congressional committees and their present impact on American life, is a timely and welcome gust of clear air.

This volume by a lawyer of peculiarly qualifying experience is a scholarly and provocative history of the origin and development of the investigating arm of our legislatures. It is a sound exposition of the constitutional bases and limitations of this legislative practice, a sober weighing of the interest of security and efficiency in Government and of the rights of individual citizens. If Mr. Taylor's conclusions are harshly critical of the abuses and general futility of the more notorious of these committees in the hunt for subversives, he still insists upon the necessity for committee investigations as a function for any effective legislature, and he recognizes, in the nature of militant Communism, the right and duty of our Government to protect itself against espionage and genuine disloyalty. He is tough-minded, with no admixture of any flabby or false liberalism.

The writer notes in his foreword that these investigations "have become a matter of increasing concern to all citizens." He cites the fact that eleven persons recently summoned before the House Un-American Activities Committee included a doctor, an optometrist, a commercial artist, a magazine writer, an electrician, an automobile mechanic, a piano tuner, a public-relations consultant, a commercial photographer, and two housewives—none of them apparently Government employes. In Indiana, he tells us, the loyalty of professional boxers is now a matter of official scrutiny.

Whose ox is thereby gored, Mr. Taylor asks?

In the course of a review of most notorious inquiries from past and present, he reports what happened in 1855, when the Know-Nothings, in control of the New York City Board of Aldermen and riding the wave of anti-Irish, anti-Catholic feeling, launched an investigation ostensibly into alleged graft and inefficiency of the New York Police Department, but in reality to show up a supposed predominance of Irish Catholics among the police. Many of us can remember the Pujo investigation by a Congressional committee into the banking practices of Wall Street in which the elder J. P. Morgan was the star witness under fire of its counsel, Samuel Untermeyer. More of us can remember the banking and Stock Exchange investigation of 1933 when the midget was plopped in the lap of the second Mr. Morgan. The Kefauver crime investigation, Senators McCarran and McCarthy, Secretary Stevens, Repre-

—Burck in the Chicago Sun-Times.

"Make Her Come Clean."

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sentatives Thomas and Velde, are today household names familiar even to our children.

Twenty years ago the investigating process was a favored tool of the New Deal and any protests against excesses from the conservative side were the scorned whispers of the plotters in Wall Street. Now it is the "subversives," the dissenters, the plain "liberals" who squirm in the witness chair with the inquiries conducted by the dominant ultraconservatives.

In discussing both of these phases Mr. Taylor demonstrates with convincing clarity how the committees have driven the chariot of illusion concerning the omnipotence of such investigations. Their proper purpose is information for use in the formulation of legislation. Their limitations are solidly based on our constitutions and constitutional practices—the separation of power between the legislative, executive, and judiciary; the limited delegated powers of the Federal Government; and the Bill of Rights, that protects civil liberties of citizens.

MR. TAYLOR points out that courts alone cannot do the job of maintaining the balance between these limitations. The judicial process by its very nature comes into play only after much of the damage has been irreparably done. It is sobering to remember that the Supreme Court has never held any Act of Congress to be unconstitutional for abridging freedom of speech or press, no resolution of Congress creating a committee has been held so vague in its specifications as to justify on this ground refusal of a witness to answer questions. The most effective instrument of restraint in the exercise of broad powers, signified by the arts of radio and television, is the sense of responsibility in the conscience of every legislator and, behind that, the force of alert voters and press.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"A Needed Investigation."

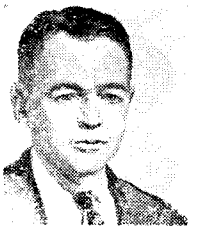
"Grand Inquest" contains admirably lucid discussions of the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination and the fallacy of the "Fifth Amendment Communist" label; of the power to require disclosure about other persons and the desirable limitations to the exercise of such power. There is an excellent chapter on reform in the procedures of Congressional committees, although I confess that I have, perhaps naively, somewhat more hope in the efficacy of Senate and House codes, if adopted, than has Mr. Taylor.

The author summons President Grant and Dean Griswold of the Harvard Law School on the Fifth Amendment, Judge Daly of the New York Common Pleas Court of 1855 on the irrelevance of Irish birth to the efficiency of the New York City Police Department, German career generals on the disastrous effect of Himmler's seizure of control over their rocket researches at Peenemuende. President Killian of MIT is quoted on the current "preoccupation with security procedures and policies at the expense of scientific progress."

Mr. Taylor's concluding indictment of the types of Congressional investigation under his examination is truly devastating to the prevalent loose assumption of their great value. He finds that "the Congressional loyalty inquiries have given rise to wholly false conceptions of what constitutes security and loyalty, and the public service is being rent asunder by frightened and unrealistic security standards." He says flatly that these investigations "have been conducted mainly for political rather than legislative or truly investigative objectives." Nothing more helpful to Communism, he asserts, could be done than has been achieved by the intimidation of the State Department, the emasculation of the Voice of America, and the alienation of Government scientists.

Judge by the results: The labors of these Congressional committees have not resulted in the conviction of one single person for espionage. Telford Taylor's final conclusion is that "investigating committees are utterly unsuited to assume the duties of either the policeman or the judge."

I know it is a vain hope that "Grand Inquest," or even the concluding chapter, might be read by every Senator and Representative in Congress, every member of a State legislature. But anyone who does read this chapter will be angered or humiliated, according to the state of his intellectual digestion, and will go prowling in the earlier chapters in search of proof, refutation, or sheer pleasure.



THE AUTHOR: Telford Taylor, of Landis, Taylor & Scoll, New York, has, at forty-seven, turned the flashlight of law on a batch of oddly assorted corners of the Nineteen Thirties, Forties, and Fifties. He began in Washington in New Deal 1933, a year after graduating from Harvard Law School, and over the next couple of decades he held all sorts of Government posts: assistant solicitor for the Department of the Interior, associate counsel in the investigation by Senators Burton K. Wheeler and Harry S. Truman into the nation's railroads, general counsel to the Federal Communications Commission, a major in G-2 during World War II, chief American war crimes prosecutor at Nuremberg with the rank of brigadier general, and, in the closing days of the Fair Deal, head of the Small Defense Plants Administration. Altogether, that's a lot of law. The other day in his Madison Avenue offices Taylor, untangling himself from *op. cit.*, *supra*, *infra*, X *v.* Y., talked easily about his job, his hobbies, his convictions, and "Grand Inquest," his latest book. "My specialties here are both appellate and radio-and-television cases," he began. "Outside of law I'm interested in music, sports, writing, and politics. The issues, the personalities of politics interest me. I think I'm too much of a mugwump to be a politician. As for the book, it's a sort of hybrid —it is meant to be useful to lawyers but it was also intended to have a broader reading public." The question of a lawyer taking on an unpopular case came up, and Taylor promptly put his opinion on record. "Merely because a client may be suspected of things that are very bad is hardly a reason for a lawyer not to accept a case," he said. "As for the lawyer who takes such a case—well, I don't think anyone twenty or thirty years ago would have suggested there was anything remarkable about that. Speaking for myself, I don't go around hunting unpopular causes on the theory that that is the only thing worth doing. Not at all. I don't regard myself as a professional reformer. I regard myself as a professional man who likes to have a varied practice."

—BERNARD KALB.

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Unfruitful Acres

"Why Not Survive?" by Michael W. Straus *(Simon & Schuster. 272 pp. $4), is a plea for conservation by the former U. S. Commissioner of Reclamation. Below it is reviewed by Richard L. Neuberger, U. S. Senator from Oregon, long a specialist in problems affecting our natural resources.*

By Richard L. Neuberger

MICHAEL W. STRAUS is a big, rumpled man with a zest for controversy and the drawn sword. His book "Why Not Survive?" is just like he is—rambling and loosely organized but full of vitality and constructive ideas. Straus wants to plug mountain canyons with concrete dams, thus storing water for the irrigation of arid soil. He believes this is one way to save a major portion of mankind from starvation.

As U. S. Commissioner of Reclamation, Mike Straus promoted his schemes with such fervor that the Eighty-second Congress attached a rider to an appropriation bill forbidding the payment of any salary to an unidentified individual, who could only be Straus. Another stubborn man, Harry S. Truman, kept Straus on the job without salary. After all, the cause was greater than any paycheck—particularly this cause!

Straus believed that no one family should be allowed to own more than 160 acres of land on an irrigation project financed with Federal funds. This limitation went way back to Teddy Roosevelt, father of the Reclamation Act. Once it was jettisoned, big absentee-dominated land companies could monopolize the irrigated acreage of the West. Certain powerful figures in Congress thereupon used the device of a Bill of Attainder to separate Straus from the payroll.

After President Truman had decided that a man didn't have to be on the Government payroll to serve as his Reclamation Commissioner, backers of the 160-acre restriction in the Western states became alarmed over the Commissioner's survival. They sent him gifts of food. Let Straus continue the tale: "Included were apples, buffalo roasts, citrus, salmon, avocados, elk, apricots, steaks, pies baked by devoted irrigation farmstead wives, Pacific Coast crabs, and many choice vegetables. . . . A hungry Commissioner at long last had proof positive that some people cared what he did."

Mike Straus, who is a big man physically, takes the big view of reclamation. His interests extend to the world. He hopes to reclaim the deserts of the Middle East, the uplands of Asia. "A farm of 25 acres is small in America but would be enormous in China," he points out. And then he goes on to defend the 160-acre quota in our own country, citing the amazing fact that 160 acres in the 365-days-a-year growing season of Southern California constitute "an enormous operation on a millionaire scale and tremendously profitable . . ."

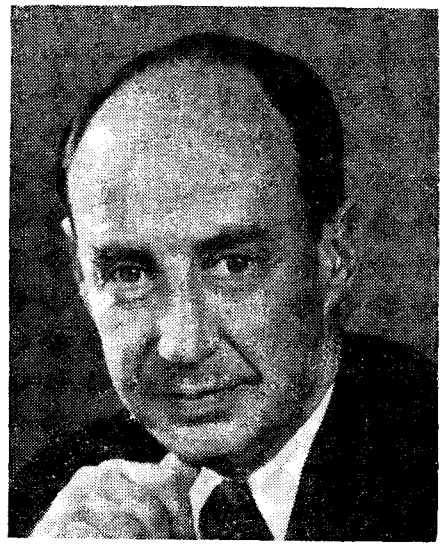
Although American agriculture has been struggling with huge surpluses, Straus maintains that more land must be brought into production. He takes this position for two reasons. First, the country's farms are distributed far from evenly. The Colorado River drains one-fifth of the area of the nation but "in this area live under a million farmers, well under 1 per cent of the nation's population."

STRAUS'S singleness of purpose brooks no opposition. And the conservationists never will deter Mike Straus. He who fought against the land companies and agricultural monopolists will not hesitate to challenge the campers and hikers to mortal combat. Water, according to the Straus version of things, was made to be dammed. Why else do streams flow downhill? And if the water happens to be in the sea, Mike has ultimate hopes that eventually distilling processes will remove the salt—and thus lead to irrigation even of the Sahara Desert.

For water, in the Straus view, is the key resource, the touchstone to all other resources. Water is power and life and growth. Straus foresees vast new vistas for mankind when virgin waterways are tethered by steel and masonry, "such as the Amazon and La Plata in South America, the Niger and Congo in Africa, and the Yenisei and Lena in Siberia."

For those who scoff at his theme Mike Straus offers a strong argument: "Yesterday one-third of the world went to bed hungry—as it usually does, for some state of starvation is common in many lands. This morning 273,000 new mouths showed up yelling for breakfast. That was last night's baby crop—and it far exceeded last night's harvest of death. It must be fed, at least according to the humanitarian instincts of most people in most lands."

Perhaps Mike Straus exaggerates his case, but maybe it took that kind of fellow to get some of the vast dams in the West erected when the utility companies were yelling their heads off and some of the politicians didn't want any new fields seeded and furrowed.



Stevenson's "draft [was] inevitable."

Men Behind Adlai

"How We Drafted Adlai Stevenson," by Walter Johnson *(Alfred A. Knopf. 172 pp. $2.75), is an "inside story" by the college professor who directed the movement. Here it is reviewed by Jack Steele, Pulitzer Prize-winning Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.*

By Jack Steele

WALTER JOHNSON, professor of history at the University of Chicago, has turned out—somewhat belatedly—an account of how Adlai Stevenson was nominated in 1952.

Professor Johnson was co-chairman of the little group of Chicagoans, all amateurs in national politics, who banded together early in 1952 under the unwieldy name of the National Committee Stevenson for President. This group kept Mr. Stevenson's name before the public after he strongly disavowed his candidacy in April and later helped organize and worked with the crew of professional politicians who actually engineered the convention draft. So Mr. Johnson saw the draft from the inside and in this little book sets forth what happened with admirable clarity. Future political historians will find collected in these relatively few pages most of the salient happenings of that convention.

But Mr. Johnson was up against certain handicaps which his book could not very well overcome. One, of course, was that it was written—or has at least been published—at a time when there is considerably more interest in whether Mr. Stevenson will be nominated again in 1956 than in how he was drafted in 1952. An-

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other is that the 1952 Democratic Convention was, as he says, unbossed and uncontrolled. Most of its work—including that of the Stevenson for President Committee—was done out in the open. Smoke-filled rooms were used largely for the pipe-dreams of the other candidates. As a result the story of the convention was fully told in the newspapers and over radio and television at the time. Even from his inside vantage point Mr. Johnson can now add only a few minor footnotes to the story.

FURTHERMORE, despite all the coverage it received, the 1952 Democratic convention was basically a dull one. It had no dramatic battle like that between Taft and Eisenhower which enlivened the Republican convention. It provided very little suspense. Most newsmen accurately predicted the Stevenson draft even before the sessions began. Under the circumstances it would be too much to expect that Mr. Johnson could breathe some new life into the convention at this late date.

Mr. Johnson set out to prove that the Stevenson nomination was unique in that it was a "real" draft. He thoroughly documents the fact that the draft committee worked without Mr. Stevenson's blessing or help. But this thesis has never been seriously questioned. Mr. Stevenson firmly and repeatedly said he didn't want the nomination—even that he was not qualified for the office. He refused to let Jake Arvey and other "pros" do anything in his behalf. All this was reported at the time. The only thing he didn't do was ever to say he wouldn't accept the nomination—which gave all the opening they needed to Mr. Johnson's committee and to the politicians and delegates who flocked to the Stevenson banner.

Mr. Johnson himself summarizes the story of the convention in a couple of sentences before his book is twenty pages old. Explaining why the draft committee was organized five months before the convention, he writes: "It was clear to those of us who organized the Illinois Committee that Stevenson was the ideal—and in fact the only—leading Democrat who could appeal to the many elements in the Democratic Party. The other prospective nominees of the Democratic Party—Senators Estes Kefauver, Richard Russell, and Robert Kerr, and later Averell Harriman—never were able to surmount the obstacle of seeming to have the support of only specific factional groups."

This was equally clear to the convention and made the draft of Mr. Stevenson not only possible but inevitable.

FDR in the Scales

"The Roosevelt Leadership: 1933-1945," by Edgar Eugene Robinson *(J. B. Lippincott. 491 pp. $6), is an attempt at a "contemporary appraisement" of FDR's influence "before it is too late." Professor Foster Rhea Dulles of Ohio State University, who reviews it here, is the author of "Twentieth Century America" and other books.*

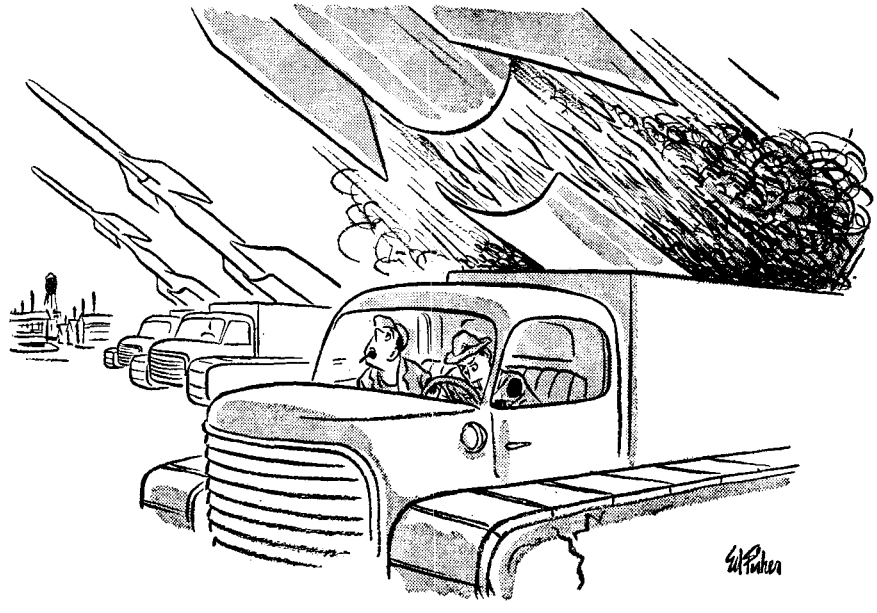
By Foster Rhea Dulles

WHEN J. Brooks B. Parker, a businessman in Philadelphia, died in 1951 he left a bequest in his will providing a grant for "a relatively contemporary appraisement of the Roosevelt influence . . . for the benefit of posterity before it is too late." The executors of his estate chose Professor Edgar Eugene Robinson for this exacting task. Firm in his own conviction that it is "nonsense" to feel that more perspective is needed to pass a judgment, Professor Robinson has consequently attempted in this study to cut his way through the masses of conflicting evidence and reach a point of detachment from which he may survey the fascinating figure of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What emerges from this well-meaning effort is a baffling book—in form, in content, and in its evaluation of the subject. Professor Robinson takes a very dim view of the Roosevelt leadership. From his detached point of vantage he finds that on Roosevelt's death the effect of his long years in power "was manifested in a weakened Constitutional system, in imperiled national security, in diminished national morale, in deteriorated political morality, and in an overburdened economy." Admitting that Roosevelt had an important part in the repulse of the totalitarian threat of war days, Professor Robinson still feels that this was "only to leave his nation exposed at home and abroad to a totalitarianism of the masses more terrible than any foe yet faced by a free people."

Moreover we are told that in the years from 1933 to 1945—which Professor Robinson believes to have been barren of real understanding or achievement, however bright in promises—Roosevelt did not develop any program that could be distinctly termed an expression of the American tradition, that he always "stood with the radicals" both at home and abroad, that he had no firm convictions about adhering to constitutional government, and that it was his wartime mistakes that gave free rein to Communism. A hero to millions of his countrymen, and also to millions of his contemporaries throughout the world, Roosevelt is said to have failed as a statesman because he was unable

(*Continued on page* 47)



"No—that's not the cigarette lighter either!"

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FICTION

Father and Daughter

"Bonjour Tristesse," by Françoise Sagan *(translated by Irene Ash. E. P. Dutton. 128 pp. $2.50), describes a cunning French girl's campaign to demolish her father's plans to remarry.*

By Rosemary C. Benét

"BONJOUR TRISTESSE," a short, dramatic novel by Françoise Sagan, an eighteen-year-old girl, was a sensation in Paris last year. It got the Prix de Critiques in the spring, sold over 200,000 copies, and all my returning-traveler friends began asking if I had read it. Part of the reason for this sensation is the material itself and much of it the youth of the author—the fact that these revelations *could* be written by an eighteen-year old. There one may think of other "so remarkable, so-young" analogies: Raymond Radiguet, who was twenty when he wrote so movingly of love in "The Devil in the Flesh"; Scott Fitzgerald and "This Side of Paradise." Both of them turned out to be real writers; though death took Radiguet before he had time to do much, he left his mark. It will be interesting to see if this is a flash of precocity—a one-book talent—or whether Françoise Sagan's subsequent work bears out the great promise shown here.

The title, which I am glad they kept unchanged, comes from a quotation from a poem of Eluard. Cecile in the story is seventeen, which makes one suspect that the background at least, may be autobiographical. Her father is forty and has been a widower for fifteen years. During that time, while Cecile was at school and at a convent, he had consoled himself quite openly with one liaison after another, in accepted French fashion. Now for two years at home she has been his companion in a gay, agreeable, Bohemian existence, which both enjoy, and he sees no reason to change his ways or to attempt concealment about his love affairs because of his daughter's presence.

—*Jacques Rouchon.*

Françoise Sagan—"worth remembering."

Summer plans include taking a villa on the Riviera, and they depart together with father's current mistress, Elsa, a red-haired professional, aged twenty-nine. A more elegant, distinguished friend, Anne Larsen, forty-two, comes down for a visit and presents a far greater menace. (I mention all these ages because they represent an important reason for the clash of temperament.) Anne and Papa decide to arrange their lives and marry. They plan for a quiet, respectable, conventional middle-age together, with Father settling down at last. Consciously or unconsciously Cecile becomes as jealous of Anne's sway over her father as does the cast-off mistress, Elsa. Cecile plans deliberately, with great cunning and almost sadistic cruelty, to break up the projected marriage. (She learns about love herself from a young man of good will, a neighbor.) Cecile can admire and betray Anne at the same time, with no compunctions. Sometimes she behaves like a hurt, confused, jealous, spoiled child and then again like a vindictive fury.

Told in the first person, and done with great clarity in a simple, pared-down style of writing, Cecile's violent emotions become effectively frightening. Her impulses are not so much Freudian, which is a relief, as direct and cruel. The confused feelings of adolescence, the mixed-up motives, are very well described. The daughter's morbid involvement in her father's affairs is presented in a series of swift, convincing scenes. The material, sensational in itself, is presented simply and strongly. Sensational, yes; but skilfully and quietly done. The young author's real name is Françoise Quoirez. Sagan is a pseudonym, taken from Proust, and it is a name worth remembering.

—*Arni.*

Elizabeth Enright—"seasoned professional."

Mirror to Nature

"The Moment Before the Rain," by Elizabeth Enright *(Harcourt, Brace. 253 pp. $3.50), is a volume of short stories, most of which explore the mystery which makes purposeful the lives of unspectacular people.*

By William Peden

ELIZABETH ENRIGHT, as the excellent stories in her new volume, "The Moment Before the Rain," demonstrate, is a seasoned professional. Although she has never been widely read or extravagantly admired, her competence and integrity have earned her the respect of many critics and writers—one of her several juveniles, for example, won a Newbery Medal in 1939, and several of her stories have been included in the annual collections of "prize" and "best" American short stories. With this, her second volume of short stories, she once again demonstrates that she is one of the very good American fiction writers.

Miss Enright is at her best when she depicts the tensions which underlie externally unspectacular or even commonplace situations: in her most memorable work the drama is contained within the minds and hearts of her characters and is not dependent upon tricks or artifice. Her title story illustrates the point. "The Moment Before the Rain" reconstructs a few moments in the lives of two non-exceptional human beings, an elderly man napping on a veranda while an elderly lady watches him. Yet during these moments of reflection before an impending storm, the woman relives some of the high points of her

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life and the reader relives them with her: her children, the "shrill twilight voices of many years ago"; her extra-marital love affair which caution mortally wounded and time, of course, eventually killed; her acceptance of the fact that age takes all things away, eventually, even love; her recognition that no matter what she had done with her life, things would have ended the same way—with an old man napping and an old woman quietly watching him.

With this muted, resigned kind of character revelation, Miss Enright is always effective, always meaningful. Again and again her stories prove the validity of Wordsworth's dictum that the "human mind is capable of being excited without the use of gross and violent stimulants." Miss Enright holds the mirror up to nature. In firm and flexible prose she shows us varying aspects of the mystery which makes purposeful the lives of unspectacular men and women.

MISS ENRIGHT'S stories about adolescents and children are equally successful. This reviewer's favorite from a group including "The Operator," "The Sardillion," "When the Bough Breaks," and "Nancy" is "The Playground." Nina, daughter of a woman-writer wallowing in the boredom of an awaited divorce, is neglected by her mother. During a characteristic day of wandering, Nina watches a couple making love, rescues her companion from drowning. But when she returns home at dusk the child's reply to her mother's "What did you do?" is a laconic "Swam. Played. Nothing much."

Not all of these stories, however, are primarily character studies. Miss Enright can, on occasion, produce a solidly-plotted tale with an O. Henry twist which will delight admirers of Raoul Dahl. And she is a good hand, if need be, with a monster or a psychopath. "One for the Collection" or "An Old-fashioned Setting" are for those who like an effective caricature, now and then, along with their human beings, and prefer sometimes to take their melodrama straight.

From an Editor

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

YOUR lines, dear sir, are rather short on passion,
But, worse than that, the code of present fashion
Pronounces them, alas, ineligible
Through being so damnably intelligible.

Intrigue in the Middle East

"Once in Aleppo," by Donald R. Barton (Charles Scribner's Sons, 324 pp. $3.95), is the story of a young American diplomat who finds romance and a mission in the hypothetical Middle Eastern country of Turaq.

By Harrison Smith

THE United States Foreign Service is a legitimate and fascinating subject for a novel, providing that its author knows what he is talking about and has the intelligence to understand the complex relationship between the people of the nation to which he is sent and the demands of his own country. Donald R. Barton suits the role admirably: he became a diplomat ten years ago and in the middle of his career was sent to the Middle East where he has served in Turkey, Iran, and Greece. There, he tells us, he felt "the ineluctable sense of conflict, the blameless incongruity of ancient races and creeds suddenly confronted with the modern and demanding world of the West." Aware that he could not write truly of any one country, he invented for his novel "Once in Aleppo" the kingdom of Turaq, its port city on the island called Balzar, and its remote capital, Sultenabagh, a complex amalgam of Teheran and Ankara. Mr. Barton shows that he is not only an experienced diplomat, who knows whereof he writes, but a first-rate novelist.

Young Craig Ryder was sent by Washington to Turaq because he had spent his childhood there, and his famous missionary father had been murdered by mountain tribesmen. He spoke and read the language perfectly. He found that the major change in the old city was the enlarged walled compound in which the American Embassy and a college were established in a luxuriant park, equipped with swimming pools and the amenities of Western civilization. The new vice-consul ran headlong into the rigid protocol controlling the large American staff in charge of a new ambassador who was serving his country abroad with one eye on his Senatorial ambitions back home.

The international situation was difficult and complex. Turaq was a hotbed of intrigue involving American and British designs, native tribes rigidly opposed to the new administration

—*Jacket design for the book.*

". . . 'ineluctable sense of conflict'."

created by a bloody revolution, and Communist infiltration and conspiracies. Turaq was rich, not in oil, but in copper, which was dug out of the sides of distant mountains in the ancient manner. The United States needed the copper and so did the British. Turaq wanted to nationalize its metals, but the Government was continually upset by its splinter parties and a wildly incoherent press. It was a perfect setting for a satire, but Mr. Barton wisely decided on romance.

CRAIG RYDER fell in love with two women, one a lively and unconventional American, the other a beautiful and imperious native of royal blood. Before the full measure of the consequences was taken Ryder was sent on a dangerous inland mission which involved the discovery of other metals than copper. He tried to follow into the mountains a certain mining engineer, Dutch by name and American by birth, who was prospecting either for the British or for Turaq, or perhaps for Russia. Craig brought back his body, for he had been murdered, in a sack thoughtfully provided by the embassy, and a small canvas bag which contained a few nuggets of uranium. He would have remained in the service in some lofty office if his love affair with the native

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girl had not ended with her throwing herself into the sea. Thereupon Craig joined the American in running the mission his father had established.

Though the beautiful and lustful Turaqui may seem to readers who have forgotten "The Arabian Nights" somewhat exotic, she is nevertheless a real and tragic figure. Indeed, all of Mr. Barton's characters are vividly created, though his compatriots in the compound are often treated with a dry wit. "Once in Aleppo" is an intriguing and stimulating novel.

Notes

THROUGH THE AGES WITH CLOAK AND CLEAVAGE: Let us board a literary escalator, gentle reader, and take a brief excursion in time, from 1697 to 1910. Our creaking lift is powered by what *Variety* has dubbed the "cloak and cleavage" genre—otherwise known as the historical novel.

Many things come wrapped as historical fiction these days (including sometimes even a tidbit of history). But rarely will you come across the wit, charm, and mood of delightful fantasy that belong to Jacques Perret's **"The Honor of Gaston Le Torch"** (translated by Anne Clifford and Fernand G. Denier; Norton, $3.50), the starting point of our little tour. M. Perret's whimsical fable is his first book to be published in English, and it is unusual in that it is not really about historical characters at all—but about a character who only thinks he is historical. Gaston Le Torch, a reasonably contemporary old soldier, slips through the portals of a Paris grog shop and somehow finds himself aboard a sea-going vessel in the year 1697. His link with the past may be the product of an *idée fixe* and an overdose of muscatel, but Gaston's lost seventeenth-century weekend sparkles with uncommon vitality. And anyhow, who are we to doubt a character who returns from his voyage into time wearing a salt water-logged doublet?

Moving up to the eighteenth century, we come face to face with **"The Forest Lord"** (Doubleday, $3.95), the latest piece of period carpentry manufactured by Noel B. Gerson. If you would thrill to discover how Master Josiah Burney, shanghaied into the navy at the behest of his wicked, wicked uncle, seeks vengeance and the return of his misappropriated estates—read on. Fustian and plenty of it is Mr. Gerson's specialty.

Sliding along about a hundred and fifty years, we meet up with **"Suzanne"** (Hanover House, $3.75), a rose-tinted hoss opera by Jonreed

(*Continued on page 46*)

THINKERS AND MOVERS

The Phenomenon of Gandhi

***"Mahatma Gandhi," by Vincent Sheean** (Alfred A. Knopf. 204 pp. $2.50), offers in brief compass an account of the Indian leader's life and philosophy. Here it is reviewed by Herrymon Maurer, author of "Great Soul," a book about Gandhi, and "What Can I Know?"*

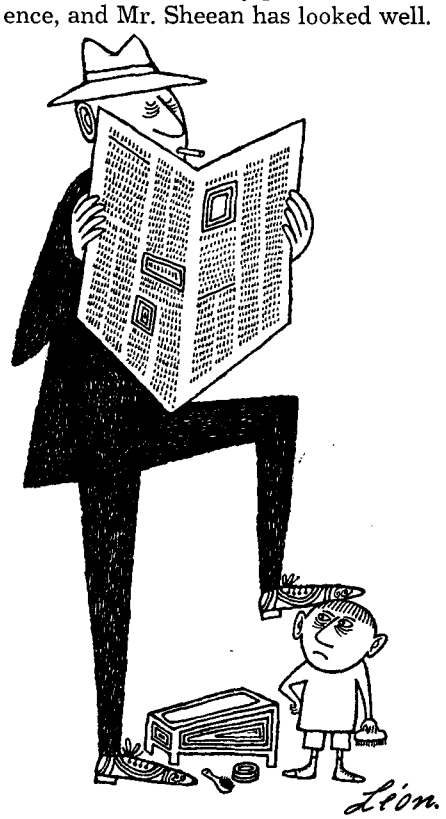
By Herrymon Maurer

WHILE watching man's hesitant course through the political and emotional rubble of this time of troubles literate men and women have made a common habit of arguing big concepts of government and foreign policy, pleading big schemes of world betterment, and discussing monstrously big bombs—at such times, at least, as the mind can bear conscious thought of them. But it is the witness of almost all the biographers of Gandhi that there is a force more powerful than bombs, schemes, and concepts, and that the secret of this force is contained within the life of the meek, laughing little man with the scrawny body, protruding ears, and not exceptional intellect. "We cannot satisfactorily explain the phenomenon of Gandhi," writes Vincent Sheean in his new biography in the Great Lives in Brief Series. Nonetheless, the unexplained man emerges.

There is not yet even a moderately complete collection of Gandhi's words in print in this country, although there are impressive fragments, notably the three books published more than twenty years ago by Gandhi's close friend C. F. Andrews. The Closest approach to a definitive biography is Louis Fischer's "Life of Mahatma Gandhi," which appeared in 1950. Excellent as these volumes are, they do not, I believe, catch the living, inexplicable Gandhi as well as portraits in short compass. The earliest of these was Romain Rolland's sketch in 1924; among the more recent are the reports of Jawaharlal Nehru and John Haynes Holmes and the new and happily brief account of Vincent Sheean. For it seems all but impossible to write briefly about Gandhi without transmitting some of his force.

Mr. Sheean presents a straightforward narrative of Gandhi's youth, his experiments in South Africa, his first applications of the weapon of Satyagraha (Truth-force) in India, his use of it in the great independence campaigns, his suffering over the violence that came upon India, and his death—in terms of this ordinary world—as a failure. In putting the substance of these events into two hundred pages Vincent Sheean has, I suspect, written his best book. His earlier "Lead Kindly Light" generated emotion, but the emotion was personal and both Gandhi and Mr. Sheean were mixed up in it, as well as in a somewhat volatile precis of Indian philosophy. In his new book Mr. Sheean is almost hidden. and Gandhi stands clear.

This is not to say that Mr. Sheean shows us all of Gandhi. One might object that Gandhi's own words are too infrequently quoted, that the years in South Africa are given over-much space, that the description of Gandhi as a saint and—through his death—a preserver of world peace obscures his role as a prophet. But these objections are quibbles. The picture of Gandhi may not be complete but it is alive, alive for this day. Gandhi saw evil not only of empire but of totalitarianism and of the violence that threatens to engulf the world. In his life he found answers. This life we need to see from many points of reference, and Mr. Sheean has looked well.



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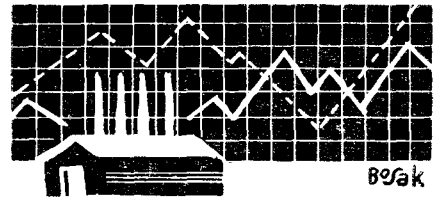
Toolmaker to the Modern Economist



"John Maynard Keynes: Economist and Policy Maker," by Seymour Harris *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 234 pp. $3), is a study of a Briton who had a profound influence on the present generation of American economists. Here it is reviewed by Jacob Viner, professor of economics at Princeton University, who served as special assistant and consultant to the Treasury at various times during the Thirties.*

By Jacob Viner

SEYMOUR HARRIS'S book on "John Maynard Keynes: Economist and Policy Maker" is an endeavor to give the general reader a rounded picture of the record of Lord Keynes as economic analyst and as an influence, personally and through the spread of his ideas, on the economic policies of the past generation. To Professor Harris Keynes is avowedly an intellectual hero. The hagiographical aspects of the book are tempered, however, by occasional criticisms of Keynes's analysis and expository procedures. The general reader who is concerned about what criteria are available and appropriate for appraising the positions attributed to Keynes or taken by Harris will have to seek elsewhere for adequate guidance. To the professional economist, however, the book should be interesting and useful as providing a detailed record, on both a chronological and a topical basis, of the evolution of Keynes's economic doctrines and of his role as advocate. As such the book is a welcome supplement to R. F. Harrod's "Life of Keynes." published in 1951.

Keynes was the master debater of modern economics. A prose stylist of the first order, nimble of wit, sharp of tongue, firm in his convictions at any moment and yet ready to revise them on any change of circumstances, always alert to the issues of the day, able to locate with fatal accuracy any weakness, real or apparent, in the position of an opponent and to divert attention from any elements of strength in that position, without inhibitions about oversimplification of an issue, outspoken in his insistence that it was usually a degree of stupidity approaching to knavery that he was attacking, Keynes never lost a debate. He often left his opponents dazed, humiliated, but bitter and unconverted. In some conspicuous cases, however, which Harris carefully specifies, conversion did come after a time.

Harris certainly grossly exaggerates the degree of novelty of those of Keynes's positive recommendations that were to receive serious consideration. He probably exaggerates also the extent of originality in the arguments by which Keynes supported his proposals and the degree to which one can attribute to his influence, direct or indirect, the widespread rejection of the budget-balancing dogma and of the gold standard, and the rehabilitation of mercantilism. That Keynes is to be credited—or charged—with much of the responsibility for the specific forms which were given on their foundation to the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank seems doubtful to me. I would not for a moment, however, dispute Harris's claim that Keynes has made contributions to the analytical equipment of economics which have become part of the regular tool-kit of very nearly all modern economists.

These contributions, moreover, if used in a sober and balanced way, equip modern economics to be a better instrument of public policy than it had previously been. With respect to England in particular, I think Harris does not exaggerate Keynes's part: in weakening the traditional biases against indefinite extension of the economic activities of government, and against inflation; in undermining what remained of the Victorian faith in the ethical and esthetic virtues of bourgeois capitalism; and in bringing about the definitive rejection of free trade as the national policy.

MUCH has been said about the great influence which Keynes is supposed to have exerted on the Rooseveltian New Deal, but little solid evidence has been presented to support the belief in such influence. Harris does not claim that Keynes exerted much direct influence on Roosevelt himself. According to Harris, FDR was not enough of an economist and was too much of a budget-balancer properly to appreciate Keynes's advice, and was also somewhat unreceptive because of a long-lingering resentment against Keynes's attack on the personality of Woodrow Wilson back in 1919. Harris does claim for Keynes, however, great influence on the economic policies of the New Deal via the Keynesian economists who staffed it. This may be correct, but to one observer, at least, it was not apparent at the time, and it needs more objective and more searching historical investigation than anyone seems so far to have performed to establish it beyond reasonable doubt.

There were few economic subtleties in the New Deal thinking. Its programs did differ from the programs—or lack of them—of previous Administrations, but its philosophy had few new elements in it, as far as I can recall, and these were, or may have been, of domestic origin.

The New Deal is supposed to have relied heavily on Keynes's advice in dealing with the 1938 recession. The continuance and even intensification of mass unemployment had by then become a serious embarrassment to Roosevelt, and I am sure that he would have been highly receptive to fresh ideas for solving this problem within the framework of the New Deal philosophy. Keynes did come to Washington to advise, and what message he brought to Roosevelt I do not know. I do know, however, that the only advice he tendered to the Treasury was that a tax should be imposed on banks in proportion to the amounts of their deposits, with the aim of quickening the velocity of their circulation. When it was pointed out to him that the banks were already reluctant to accept deposits, and would react in part by shoving them out, he threw up his hands, and made no further suggestion. I suspect that this was not the only incident of this kind.

Keynes's influence on the thinking and on the methods of analysis of the present generation of American economists has been profound and lasting. This does not mean, however, that his influence on the policies and practices of American government has been substantial. There has always in recent decades been available to Washington a sufficient array of indigenous wisdom and nonsense to make unnecessary any important departure on its part from its traditional prejudice against importation of ideas, good or bad, from abroad.

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The Mother of Beverly Hills

"To the One I Love the Best," by Ludwig Bemelmans *(Viking Press. 255 pp. $3.75), is an intimate, episodic word-portrait of the late Elsie de Wolfe —Lady Mendl. Our reviewer, Cleveland Amory, is the author of "The Last Resorts" and other studies of High Society.*

By Cleveland Amory

IN THE midst of a cold winter of books belonging to the school of the great I Am—on the order of "I told you so," "If I do say so myself," "I knew him when," etc.—Ludwig Bemelmans's new book, "To the One I Love the Best," comes like a warm breath of spring. For this book belongs to the school of She Was. Mr. Bemelmans is present too, but modestly and secondarily compared to his subject. He is merely the man who came to cocktails and stayed for life.

Right away, Mr. Bemelmans tells us, he found Lady Mendl ageless—which is perhaps fortunate since the great decorator and international *grande dame* was exactly ninety years old when he first met her.

The good lady weighed exactly ninety pounds too—with no jewels and a plain black Mainbocher dress —and the first meeting took place, of all places, in "After All," Lady Mendl's wartime retreat in Beverly Hills, California. On one of her pillows was embroidered the motto "Never explain, never complain." She calls him "Stevie," he calls her "Mother":

> I looked sharply at her in the first days [he writes]. Just as she covered up her crepy throat with jewels and her arthritic hands with gloves, so she covered or ignored those things in life that age other people. Her will to live happily, or at least beautifully, was so formidable that it triumphed over nature itself. She was younger than all the starlets, she had reckless courage, the gift of friendship, and a restless, inquiring mind.

With these gifts it is small wonder that "all the bums of Hollywood got off their high-wheeled bicycles and behaved themselves" and that "the most vulgar women turned gentle in her presence." But this is no fawning biography. Mr. Bemelmans's humor is kindly but it is also keen, and if the book seems a little under-illustrated —there are only three Bemelmans's drawings—it is nonetheless both beguiling and mischievously good reading.

To pick one chapter as more amusing than another is to do Mr. Bemelmans an injustice. My favorite, however, is the one which explains the book's title—an inscription which Lady Mendl wished carved on the tombstone of her little dog Blue Blue. (She called him "Bloops.") The memorial man suggested a change to the past tense—"To the One I Loved the Best"—but Lady Mendl would not hear of it and the inscription was finally carved just the way she originally wanted it. The night after the unveiling, which was carried out with monumental grief on the part of Lady Mendl, Bemelmans chanced to leaf through an album of Lady Mendl's Villa Trianon in Versailles, and here he came upon, of all things, a photograph of her little dog cemetery there. "It was," he says, "to the memory of another dog, and it read, 'To the One I Love the Best.' Mother had again been extemporaneous."

Other chapters vary from a brilliant account of a visit to San Simeon to an earnest discussion of Sir Charles Mendl's underwear. Both are equally, if differently, ironic, and so sure is the Bemelmans touch that we seem to care equally about the life span of Mr. Hearst and the span of the underwear—which, of course, Sir Charles insists on being dated.

Besides Sir Charles, there are also memorable portraits of many of Bemelmans's fellow hangers-on, including the late Atwater Kent, who invariably loses to Lady Mendl at gin rummy, Gayelord Hauser, who finally admits he's "just a butler," and even the Maharajah of—as Lady Mendl always asks, "What is it?—Indoor or Outdoor?"

—From "Premier Fruit," by G. Van de Sande (McCosh & Sherman, Minneapolis).

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Sweet Memories

***"Innocence Under the Elms," by Louise Dickinson Rich** (J. B. Lippincott. 283 pp. $3.75), offers the memories of a New England girlhood.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

ANTISOCIAL was the word for Louise and Alice, the little Dickinson girls. They hated parties. Rather than go to Lettie Henry's birthday party, and maybe have to play Post Office and kiss A Boy, they stuffed themselves with green apples and green grapes and put poison ivy from the Unitarian cemetery down their necks, after rubbing the leaves on all exposed surfaces. They vomited, and ran "real temperatures," and were home in bed for a week, but even in their lowest moments they never doubted that the reward had been worth the sacrifice. "That's how unsociable we were."

And innocent! "Talk about standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet! We didn't even know there was a river."

Their collateral relation, the late Miss Emily Dickinson of Amherst, would have understood these embryo eccentrics. At the Sunday School picnic they spent most of their time trying to avoid the potato relay race and get off by themselves to pick pond lilies, and when they entered the town library, where they were hired to dust books at five cents an hour, they looked forward to being turned loose among the books with the reckless anticipation of "an alcoholic loose in a wine cellar."

Since Louise Dickinson Rich grew up and became an author she has been busy creating a series of her own. Beginning with her memorable best seller, "We Took to the Woods," she has written five books about herself, her family, and her friends. "Innocence Under the Elms" is the first of the series which does not deal with that wild, solitary country, "the top, lefthand corner of Maine," where Mrs. Rich went to live after her marriage. The elms in the new book grow on the common in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, a little town on the road from Boston to Cape Cod. There Louise's father published the local *Independent* and served as deacon at the Congregational Church, and there Louise and Alice blew the fluff off dandelions and learned to play Duck-on-a-Rock and coasted in winter on their high red sleds.

Humorous or lovable autogiography, as distinguished from sensitive-adolescent autobiography, takes a very

deft hand indeed if it is to escape being cute. In her books on Maine Mrs. Rich's hand slipped imperceptibly or not at all. The naturalness and wry good humor of "We Took to the Woods," "Happy the Land," and "My Neck of the Woods" keep them fresh for rereading. The same cannot quite be said for "Innocence Under the Elms," and old Rich admirers may find it a mite insipid in flavor. In her effort to make the point implied in her title and supply the antithesis to O'Neill, Mrs. Rich has, I suspect, prettied up her childhood. She has gone light on the salt, heavy on the slang, and her jauntiness occasionally sounds forced. Once she and her sister raised a pet chicken, doted on him and dressed him in doll clothes, and then were told one Sunday by their mother, "after we'd polished our plates and were waiting to see what was for dessert"—"You've just eaten Harry." Mrs. Rich allows the reader only a glimpse of what must long ago have been real anguish.

Even when she is at less than top form, however, Mrs. Rich has charm and to spare. Almost anyone over thirty-five who grew up in a small town will recognize Bridgewater, even if his own town was Midwestern, and had a rock quarry for swimming instead of a pond for skating, and ran Johnny Hines comedies on Saturday instead of Pearl White serials. There is a loving, and long overdue, tribute to Chautauqua, and a chapter on the Bridgewater *Independent* that should bring a sentimental glow to anyone who ever hand-set a headline in the immemorial grime of a country printing office. The book will lend itself well to condensation, because it is not very tightly written in the first place, but its loose-jointedness is part of its charm. It dawdles, like a little girl in June, when she knows that summer vacation will last forever.

Crossed Zygotes

CHANGELINGS: Madeleine Joye understands that the words of love and emotion can be spoken aloud without shame or embarrassment. In the hands of a more inhibited American writer there is little doubt that the display of charged emotion she offers in **"He Was Not My Son"** (translated by Michael Scott; Rinehart, $3) would be too self-conscious to appear sincere.

The plot of the changelings is a dog-eared one in fiction. But this happens to be a true story and far more dramatic than make-believe. Madeleine Joye, a young Swiss woman, relates it in the form of a journal, beginning in 1941, with the birth of her twin sons, Paul and Philippe. Paul is dark and chubby, calm and happy; Philippe is timid, gray, and bony. As the two boys develop, Paul becomes more the extrovert, open and frank, Philippe the introvert. Although Paul looks healthier, "the presence of a butterfly beating its wings near him is enough to give him a cold." Slim, delicate Philippe is more hardy.

When the boys are almost six years old they are to be in a religious procession. The father is to take pictures of them and he is reminded to be sure and also take a picture of a third little boy—"Philippe's double." So, a camera and a procession start the wheels turning, and the lives of two families are turned topsy-turvy. For Philippe's double, the third little boy, Ernstli, was his monozygotic twin. Paul was the son of a Madame X, who had reared Ernstli. Only after a court order was obtained, months later, did Madame X consent to the exhaustive tests which conclusively proved that the creche, where all three boys were born, had inadvertently switched the two children.

The children were seven when Paul was returned to Madame X and Ernstli rejoined his twin brother, Philippe. Both families had great adjustments to make and the bulk of the book deals with the difficulties faced by the Joyes, both parents and sons, and how their problems were solved.

If there is a "message" here for American parents it is not in the story of the changeling. Rather, it is in the day-to-day accounting of how European parents (these two, at any rate) attend to their duties of leading little boys toward the status of mature, well-adjusted adults. One understands from it why little European boys often grow up to be such satisfactory husbands.

But "He Was Not My Son" is, above all, a love story from a mother to her three boys. —EVANGELINE DAVIS.

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The Revolution of Peace

EDITOR'S NOTE: *James T. Shotwell is president emeritus of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and editor of the "Economic and Social History of the World War (I)."*

THE report of the Atomic Energy Commission of February 15 on effects of the hydrogen-bomb explosion gives official sanction to the views already stated by qualified scientists about the culminating horror of its destructive capacity. But even the 7,000 square miles of devastation the report describes—varying in degree like the circles of Dante's Inferno—are limited to the test already made, and are by no means the ultimate limit. Moreover, behind the hydrogen bomb lies the still more terrible cobalt bomb to which the present report does not apply. But, even as it is, what is the chance of survival in the area of radiation fall-out? Relative safety can be found, the report indicates, by devices at varying distances from the explosion, ranging from cyclone cellars where the fall-out is greatest, with a few feet of earth to protect them, to habitable houses hundreds of miles away. But who is to know where the fall-out is thickest, since all means of communication will have been destroyed? Or, how about an attack with several scattered bombs? Or, how long must one stay in a refuge, since the air-currents whirl and eddy with varying degrees of radioactivity? Are the refugees to have Geiger counters to know the degree of their peril?

These questions are not asked merely to point out that they cannot be answered. For there is one answer—and only one: war must cease. The reign of law must replace that of force and violence. But even that is a misleading slogan unless we have a conception of justice which is really based upon the Golden Rule. It is the freedom to share in the making of world law which is the real alternative to war, not law in the sense of an absolute, unalterable, unvarying code. This brings us at once to the inescapable conclusion that the United Nations is the instrument by which world law can be achieved, and war ultimately abolished.

Abolish war! But how? The most strident advocacy of the abolition of war in the world today is that of Moscow. Contrary to most American thinking, it is not insincere; but it is based on a premise which makes it a contradiction: the Communist creed that capitalism is essentially a war system, and that therefore the only way to lasting peace is its overthrow by the completion of the Communist revolution. Picasso's dove replacing the eagle on the standards of Russia is not the symbol of peace with a free world, but only of a world won over to Communism. Yet Soviet policies, while professing to follow the pure doctrinal line, have never hesitated to leave it for expediency, as in the outstanding instance of alliance with Hitler. The supreme issue in dealing with Moscow on thermonuclear weapons is, therefore, their effect if used. It follows that the best preventive against Soviet action is overpowering superiority of atomic and thermonuclear weapons by the free nations, not for use by us, but for warning against Soviet use. This is what Great Britain is now reluctantly doing in developing the hydrogen bomb, a policy which it is proposed that Canada and Australia follow. All of which raises a further point made by *The Saturday Review* a few weeks ago, that the process of making these terrible weapons is becoming so much less costly that, as one of the atomic scientists put it, the most deadly of all wars will soon be "the poor nations' war," upsetting all balance of power.

NOW how do we get peace out of what looks like a surrender to militarism? By as realistic a strategy of peace as that of war: police action in holding a shield of defense against force and violence, and cooperation for common interests in the welfare of nations. This solidarity of interests, symbolized in both Security Council and Assembly, was challenged by the conspiracy of the Axis Powers in World War II. Now it is again imperiled by revolutionary Communism. Yet this time it can have as its ally the greatest power in the world for *productive* energy.

The conclusion drawn from all this by Air Marshal Slessor of the British Air Force in his penetrating study, "Strategy of the West," is that science is outlawing war by utterly changing its nature. Granted that minor wars may still be fought by obsolescent weapons—for the revolution of peace is long and tortuous—the civilized world will have to renounce "the argument of kings." The outlawry of war is, however, no such simple matter, as General Douglas MacArthur presented it with eloquence the other day at Los Angeles. Like Senator Borah's proposal thirty years ago, he left the protection of peace and the solution of its problems to enlightened public opinion and rejected the organization of it in the United Nations, just as Borah had rejected the League of Nations. Neither the General nor the Senator realized that the chief cause of modern war has been the fallacy of absolute sovereignty of the national state. Now the hydrogen bomb has ended that absolute sovereignty.

What is needed is a revolution in our thinking about the use of the new instruments of power comparable in boldness to that of their scientific creators. The Charter of the International Labor Organization carries the challenging sentence that "world peace rests on social justice"; but long ago, in 1776, the Declaration of Independence was matched by another declaration of freedom when Adam Smith, professor of moral philosophy, published his "Wealth of Nations," based on the principle that the increased wealth of a nation's customers makes possible an increase of its own. The strategy of peace calls for the recognition of this interdependence. Science is now making this inevitable.

—JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

DEVASTATING DIATRIBE

DEVASTATING is Edgar Ansel Mowrer's diatribe on the pernicious vice of conformity ["Return to Integrity," *SR* Feb. 5]. Granting that a democracy may exert strong claims in the interest of loyalty, it is quite evident that the current trend in education, religion, politics, and big business is so formidably directed toward depersonalization as to be truly alarming. What university prexy dares to buck the majority opinion of his board of trustees; and how many teachers have the guts to lock horns with the prexy? The Southern Democrats who dared to hoist the rebel flag a few years back are again safe within the fold; and the leaders of both parties in Congress are keeping close tab on the maverick-minded. In the world of big business the bosses smile with complacency on the machinelike acquiescence of underlings, while in the ranks of labor the leaders are inclined to frown on all flank movements. In any average town or small city let a church member in good standing dare to utter heretical opinions on theology or church polity, *pronto* his scalp is in danger. Mediocrity, timidity, the loss of that superb pioneer spirit which mastered a great continent are in the ascendant, and a levelizing tendency that would flatten humanity by denying a free spirit the right freely to express itself, is not a hidden—but a flauntingly open—danger. In his memorable essay on Thomas Gray, Matthew Arnold shrewdly remarked that because Gray was too conscious of living in an unpoetic era he seldom "spoke out." So it is today in this era of a strong trend toward regimentation: many virile minds dare not speak out for fear of losing jobs that mean meat and bread for the family, becoming political pariahs; or suffering the mortification of local ostracism. When will the pendulum indicate a Return to Integrity?

LABAN LACY RICE.

Winter Park, Fla.

PLEASANT CONTRAST

I CONGRATULATE *The Saturday Review* in publishing "Return to Integrity." This article is a pleasant contrast to the verbal snake-dancing of some of the pseudo-liberals and self-anointed intellectuals who have divorced themselves from all reality and are alienated from all common sense.

H. L. AMONETTE.

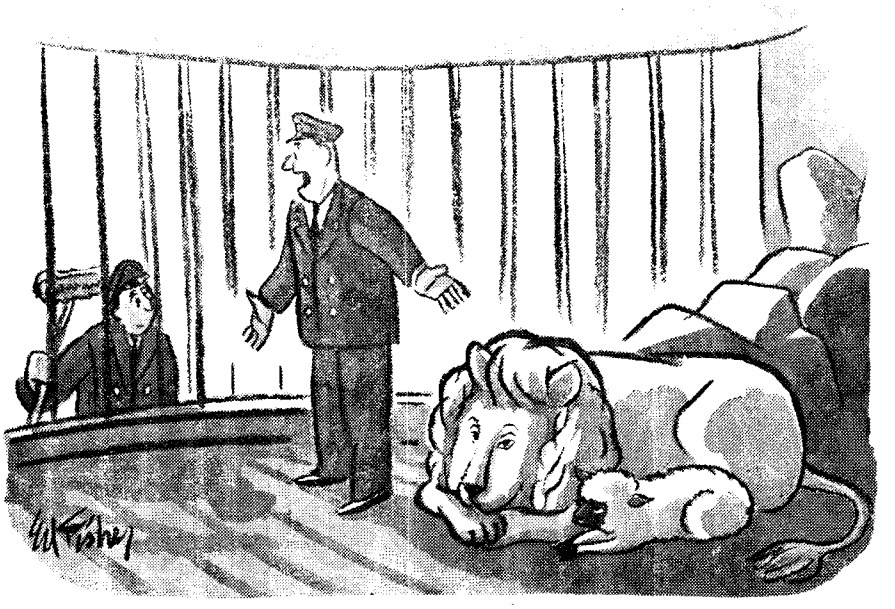
Albany, N.Y.

POTENT DISTILLATE

YOU ARE aiming well and hitting hard in your presentation of Edgar Ansel Mowrer's fine article. While there are a few things I might quibble over, the article on the whole is a potent distillate of the supposedly "outmoded" faith of man in man's possibilities. In one article Mowrer has put well what I have spent several years as a humanistic minister trying to do. The "cult of the group" will surely spring upon this article as heretical, but maybe this will help others see that "other-relatedness" is the heresy of our culture, not "self-direction." How about getting David Riesman himself to do an article?

THOMAS MALONEY.

Quincy, Ill.



"Don't just stand there—get the Nobel Prize Committee!"

INTERESTING BUT SAD

"RETURN TO INTEGRITY," by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, is one of the finest articles that I have ever read. I have only one comment to make. His theory that society will eventually reach a conformity saturation point at which time the self-directed incurables will prevail and thus save individualism is interesting. Yet, after witnessing the fate of the self-directed incurables in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Russia, and China, I seem to hear the sound of Roland's horn at Roncevalles and I find Mowrer's theory interesting but, indeed, very sad.

JAMES L. MURRAY.

Washington, D.C.

SHORT ON *PRESCRIPTION*

MOWRER'S eloquent discussion of the adjustment concept in which he makes a plea for Unadjusted Man ("Our new hero," according to Peter Viereck) is, as usual with such articles, long on *description* but short on *prescription*. How is this race of what could well be called housebroken neurotics to be developed?

ARTHUR S. MILLER.

Emory University, Ga.

IMMORAL CONFORMITY

WE WOULD LIKE to thank you for the fine article by Edgar Ansel Mowrer. It says in a clear and intelligent way many things which have bothered us a great deal. The trend toward a "herd state" is particularly distressing if you live in a small town, and feel that conformity for the sake of conformity is immoral. We have found that the real victims are our children, who are learning the hard way that in the present climate of opinion you conform or take a beating.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN B. CURRIE.

Great Barrington, Mass.

TOUCH OF THE MASTER

MY CONGRATULATIONS to Christopher Morley for his tender and completely credible sketch "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog." [*SR* Feb. 12]. The touch of the master writer is deft, and I wish the story could be published in more permanent form. As an eight-page book it would still outrank many of 800 pages.

LEONARD WIBBERLEY.

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

WHO'S SECURE?

"DURING THE THREE years of my service with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee," writes Judge Robert Morris in his article "Should Congress Investigate?" [*SR* Feb. 19], "the Soviet international empire continued to make extensive gains all over the world." Later he says that the free world has too long encouraged and later tolerated the expansion and consolidation of Soviet power and adds, unassailably, "something must be done."

But to judge from his opening sentence, what must be done is hardly the operation of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, which went right on while things were getting worse.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D.C.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

GODS AND LITTLE FISHES

DIVINE intervention in the affairs of mortals can make excellent comic theatre if handled with Olympian audacity. Unfortunately, last week's three plays on the subject fall somewhat short of Olympia.

At the Theatre de Lys (in an off-Broadway production estimated to have cost $11,000) poet James Merrill toys in prose with the myth of the goddess Aurora. She, falling in love with the mortal Tithonus, persuades Zeus to give her lover immortality, but she neglects to have him given eternal youth. Mr. Merrill uses the old myth to explore the paradoxes that arise from a mortal's acquisition of immortality and an immortal's acquiring human experience. **"The Immortal Husband"** is set in three episodes. Act I finds Tithonus at twenty receiving the news of his tarnished longevity in a Victorian household. Act II catches him at sixty experiencing a rare moment of mortality in Chekhov's Russia. And Act III shows him at 120 being reluctantly deserted by his pagan Aurora and handed over to a compassionate Christian nurse.

Since few mortal characters can be used over such a time span, the twenty-nine-year-old poet has elected to impose new identities on the basic personalities of his four supporting characters. Thus, he substitutes a recurrence of behavior patterns for the conventional unities. This makes for an interesting experiment, and Mr. Merrill's highly disciplined dialogue is replete with profound comment and quick humor.

Yet for all the marvelous thoughts contained in "The Immortal Husband," three quarters of Act I and almost all of Act II seem casual interludes presented only at the author's insistence. Indeed, Act III, the most amusing and dramatic of the play, could have been performed with almost equal effectiveness as an independent sketch.

This is unfortunate, for there are some sparkling individual performances by the bird-delicate Anne Meacham as Aurora, by the radiantly unpretty Mary Grace Canfield as the girl who finds generosity, patience, and truthfulness insufficient to hold a handsome husband, and by the quietly sensitive Jean Ellyn as the compassionate middle-aged woman. Likewise, Herbert Machiz has directed the comedy with his customary inventiveness and intelligence. Through their efforts "The Immortal Husband" becomes a work of great promise, and it is hoped that Mr. Merrill will be encouraged to revise it. For the play needs some narrative device which permits it to get underway more quickly, and which will bring all the seemingly peripheral and dissociated elements into focus.

Jacques Deval's **"Tonight in Samarkand,"** as adapted by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., comes very close to success. In this play the superbly impudent Deval tosses in the air the story of the fortune-teller (Sourab) who tries to help a tiger-tameress (Nericia) to avoid her fate aboard the *S. S. Hollandia*—doomed to sink on a voyage from Le Havre.

In Act III, unfortunately, Mr. Semple has deprived his leading actors of impetus by leaving out Sourab's suicide. While on the surface this omission may seem wise, as it is the sobriety of the final act that defeats "Tonight in Samarkand," yet perhaps this extra violent twist of the tiger's tail would have preserved the hauntingly bizarre rhythm of the preceding scenes. Aided by the magic of Ben Edwards's mysteriously-changing scenery, of Sol Kaplan's off-beat circus music, and of Alan Schneider's bold use of scurrying offstage figures, the transitory wonder of circus life is recreated in these early scenes. Also, fine supporting performances by Theodore Bikel, Marian Reardon, Joyce Lear, and a live tiger cub named Caligula contribute to an evening that, despite its real theatrical excitement and charm, lacks the sprint finish.

"The Wayward Saint" deals with a delightfully mortal priest living in "the land of celibate males and unhygienic virgins." Played by Liam Redmond with all the earthy stubbornness we associate with Irish acting the fantasy is most uproarious when Canon McCooey is doing his human damnedest to get round the powers that be. How basically comic he is when trying to save his pet donkeys with church money! (He says longingly, "Perhaps we'll have a dead mass this week, with the help of God.") However, when playwright Paul Vincent Carroll brings in a suave continental Mephistopheles to corrupt the canon the play, figuratively speaking, goes to Hell. For, after all, the triumph of mortals over immortals is scarcely a casual matter.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

FROM ROME TO LITTLE BIG HORN

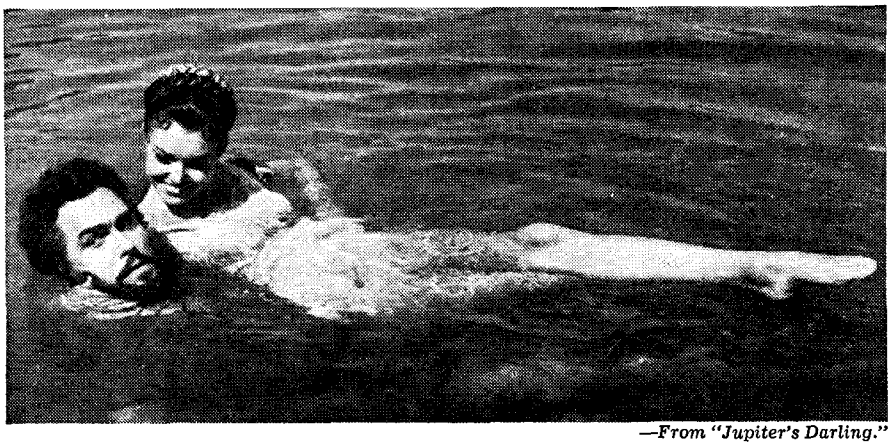
"ONE would think that the English were ducks," wrote Horace Walpole in 1790, "they are forever waddling to the waters." Today, since the invention of a satisfactory underwater camera and an aqualung that will supply enough oxygen to keep the stoutest of producers going for ten minutes, Hollywood seems to have taken over the fashion. Wider screens have seldom proved wiser screens and this is particularly evident in the current spate of underwater movies. Personally, I find the beauties of a submarine landscape unenhanced by the presence of a straining, bubbling human being in flippers.

The latest of these submersive activities is **"Jupiter's Darling,"** an abortive attempt to make an amphibious musical out of Hannibal's conquest of Rome. In it, even Howard Keel as Hannibal has been persuaded to take the plunge while Esther Williams goes deeper than she has ever gone before. Unfortunately, the Tiber is too murky a place for George Wells to take his producer's chair, so Miss Williams is forced to sport her Roman bathing costumes in *mare nostrum*, and this has a tendency to put everyone, including Hannibal's army, a little off course. As a musical the movie starts off well enough with Marge and Gower Champion singing and dancing a slick number in a slave market. This is a highly polished piece with considerable verve, but from the moment Esther Williams dives into her first pool what promise there was goes with her. From then on we are treated to a greal deal of bubbling, some ill-contrived humor, and five mediocre and oft-repeated songs. Hannibal comes lumbering towards Rome singing his own praises on the top of an elephant. Before he reaches his goal he is snared by Miss Williams's muscular charms and together they sit in the twilight outside the city walls and sing a little ditty entitled "Don't Let This Night Get Away." Fortunately for all concerned, they fail in this plea, but they do succeed in falling in love and nearly changing the whole course of history. It is pointless to continue with any resume of the plot and, in fact, a plot in a musical is of comparatively minor importance. But American musicals have set such a high standard for themselves that "Jupiter's Darling," even if it does introduce a new element—water—cannot possibly succeed. It lacks the finesse, speed, and humor that we have come to associate with musicals, and though parts of it may be laughable they are only so because of their supreme ludicrousness.

* * *

Since my first contact with the movies I have always had a certain sympathy for the American Indian as seen through Hollywood eyes. Nearly always he has been portrayed as an insensitive lunatic, witless as a mid-morning TV program, and ready to shoot arrows at anything that moves, regardless of race or creed. Two recent films seem to indicate that producers are either experiencing pangs of remorse or they have decided to retell all the classic cowboy-and-Indian tales from the latter's point of view, or, more simply, that they are running dangerously low on Indians.

"White Feather" is a true story about the Cheyennes, the only difference between the movie and actual fact being (so a self satisfied announce-



—From "Jupiter's Darling."

Howard Keel takes the plunge with Esther Williams—"a great deal of bubbling."

FILMS AT NEW YORK ART THEATRES

GRETA GARBO IS BACK IN HER GREATEST HIT
M-G-M's "CAMILLE"
co-starring ROBERT TAYLOR
TRANS-LUX Normandie
57th St. at 6th Ave. • JU. 6-4448

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DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE
TRANS-LUX 52nd on Lexington

"Holiday for HENRIETTA"
FINE ARTS • 58th St. bet. Park & Lex • PLaza 5-6030

"Mysterious excitement!"—World-Telegram & Sun
"THE • Graham Greene's STRANGER'S HAND"
with Trevor Howard, Alida Valli
PLAZA 58 St. Nr. Madison • at 12:35, 2:30, 4:20, 6:15, 8:05 & 10 P.M.

"A TRUE WORK OF ART!"
Arthur Knight, Saturday Review
GATE of HELL IN COLOR
Guild 50th 33 W. 50th St. at Rock. Pl. PL 7-2406-7

Wm. Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet
SUTTON EAST 57th STREET PLaza 9-1411
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ment at the beginning tells us) that "when the Indians speak, they will speak our language so that you can understand." If you can get over this pompous remark you will probably enjoy the rest of the movie. It is a reasonably interesting story, well told and beautifully photographed. Josh Tanner, played by Robert Wagner, is the rather-too-well-meaning central character who finds himself suddenly an emissary between a group of Indians and the United States Army, here represented by John Lund. A treaty has to be signed providing for the removal of the tribe from their native territory, and many of the problems that beset both sides emerge quite successfully from a rather unnecessary surface slush of sentiment. Eduard Franz, as Chief Broken Hand, puts in some good acting, and John Lund is his usual thinking self. "White Feather" has its good moments and is certainly a movie that the children will enjoy.

The second true Indian story of the week is **"Chief Crazy Horse"**; and it has much—including John Lund—in common with "White Feather." In this case the sentiment is so thick that there is very little else of note. Not much is known of Crazy Horse save that he was one of, if not the greatest of, the Indian military leaders. Producer William Alland sees him almost as a mystic, his actions dictated by visions, but it seems certain that had Crazy Horse had as many ethereal choirs singing in his ears as he does in this version of his life he would not have heard General Custer coming, much less wiped out his regiment. Chief Crazy Horse is played in a Victor Maturish manner by Victor Mature, who makes as good a mystic as any in the business. Suzan Ball as Black Shawl, his wife, spends a whole winter dying of a cold only to make a recovery in the spring. One of the most annoying features of this movie is a fault I found also in "The Conquest of Everest." The cameraman is exceedingly conscious of the sky. As the two opposing armies come together for what promises to be a rollicking battle we are suddenly treated to thirty seconds of cumulo-nimbus while the ethereal choirs vie with wild screams and gunshot and the camera returns to earth in time only to catch a field full of slain men.

The life of Crazy Horse is certainly good material for a movie and it is a pity that misdirected imagination should have spoiled it.

—KENNETH COYTE.

TV AND RADIO

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA SUNDAY

A COUPLE of Sunday nights ago I read in the television listings of *Cue* magazine that among the guests at Igor Cassini's apartment that evening would be Gloria Vanderbilt. It was rather late for me—11:20 the listing said—but I was still dressed. Well, not exactly dressed for a Cassini party, but I *had* brushed my teeth preparatory to going to bed, so I decided to crash the shindig on Channel 4.

I had been reading a lot in the papers about Gloria since she climbed down off the social scale for a fling in the theatre. I had even caught her doing amazingly well in a small part in a television show some weeks ago. So you can imagine the excitement I felt about meeting this new young star at an informal party.

Well, Mr. Cassini was by no means displeased that I had dropped in, he said, and quickly introduced some of the guests who were already there—Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winchell, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cook, Estaban Vicente, Franchot Tone, Angna Enters, Terry Moore, Harvey Lembeck, and Virginia Vincent. But no Gloria Vanderbilt!

Well, I was sorry Mr. Cassini had gone to all that trouble to prepare anything for me—it was late, and besides I had already brushed my teeth. And all I really wanted was to meet Gloria Vanderbilt before the shine wore off.

Mr. Cassini wandered over to the couch and started chatting with Franchot Tone and Terry Moore. I overheard him ask Mr. Tone which he preferred to play—comedy or drama. Mr. Tone said he preferred comedy.

"The theatre is for fun," said Mr. Tone. "I like to hear people laugh."

To which Mr. Cassini quickly replied, "And I must say you do it very well."

Then he asked an embarrassing question: "Who is your favorite leading lady, Franchot?"

But Mr. Tone was back just as quick: "They're all my favorites."

So Mr. Cassini turned to Terry Moore and asked her who her favorite leading man is. Miss Moore was much more definite.

"I've just finished a picture with Fred Astaire," she said, "so he's my favorite. And Tyrone Power and Freddie March and Glenn Ford."

Then four other guests came in—four girls beautifully gowned—and Miss Graham, who earlier had introduced a Mrs. Buitoni who had prepared macaroni, remarked that the first girl was wearing the elongated torso. another girl had on two layers of organza over net, another one wore the silhouette gathered sideways, the fourth one had on some jewelry by Harry Winston, they all wore Arpège and the cosmetics of John Robert Powers, and the gowns were by Mr. Cassini's brother, Oleg Cassini, who wasn't there, and neither was Gloria Vanderbilt.

As Mr. Cassini strolled over to some other guests I found myself impatiently humming, "Some enchanted evening you will meet a stranger across a crowded room," but Mr. Cassini stopped to chat with Paul Winchell, the talented ventriloquist and dramatic actor who had just written a book, "Ventriloquism for Fun and Profit," and proceeded to prove it by telling Mr. Cassini that he had already sold 3,000,000 Jerry Mahoney dolls. Mr. Cassini was so pleased he presented Mrs. Winchell with a package of John Robert Powers cosmetics.

By this time I was looking at *Cue* again and the name of Gloria Vanderbilt headed all the others. I've always found *Cue* to be quite correct, but I looked through *TV Guide* and the listing for the Cassini party that night showed these names: Franchot Tone; Jim Bishop, author of "The Day Lincoln Was Shot"; Luba Malina; Angna Enters; Mike Ellis; Neva Patterson; Joyce Mathews; Harvey Lembeck, and Virginia Vincent. But no Gloria Vanderbilt!

Mr. Cassini now had a large economy-size bottle of Pommery.

"In this bottle of Pommery champagne," announced Mr. Cassini, "is a genie. If I opened the bottle and let him out what would you wish for?"

Mr. Tone was first to reply: "I'd wish the genie would get back in the bottle."

Next Donald Cook: "I wouldn't wish to change anything."

Now Miss Moore: "I'd wish I would always be as happy as I am now."

Mr. Winchell: "I'd wish all my dummies were ventriloquists and I could send them out on the road."

Mr. Estaban Vicente: "I wish I have a nice week."

Gloria missed all the fun. She could have wished for a million dollars.

I wish I hadn't brushed my teeth.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

MENNIN AND MILANOV

IT IS scarcely believable that Peter Mennin, who won't be thirty-two until May, has already written six symphonies worth performance by our major orchestras. But the sixth, which had its first performance in New York by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dmitri Mitropoulos lately, is such a plausible piece of music, with so well-shaped a structure, so well-filled in a facade, that one can't either ignore the facts or dispose of them lightly.

Lacking proper background in Mennin's writing, I can't say how much this work marks a progression for him, but it certainly defines him as possessing the craftsmanship required to manage the checks and balances of symphonic design on a sizable scale. He plays his hand expertly, always with a few musical cards in reserve to throw in when needed. His sense of form is compact, his writing for the orchestra sinewy. In a work lasting twenty-six minutes he sustained interest (on my part at least) for all of it save a stretch in the finale, where, I daresay, the fault was mine rather than his.

The content, however, is another and more elusive thing. The inevitable second-time round will tell more about it, though I admit some present doubts relating to Mennin's tendency to such extremes as meditation and expostulation. Could I remember a little touch of lightness here, a bit of gauche sentiment there, I would have more hope of discovering something momentous in it on future hearings. As of now Mennin strikes me as fully capable of plotting the kind of work he has set his heart on writing. Now, however, he must convince us what it is in his heart he wants to say. Design of itself is a major absorption of modern life, but art cannot live by blueprints alone. Mitropoulos gave it all the resources of his probing mind which, in music of this kind, is considerable.

* * *

By one of those feats of alchemy opera directors dread performing, Renata Tebaldi's first Aida at the Metropolitan turned into Zinka Milanov's first Tosca, though hardly in a twinkling of an eye. This being Tebaldi's first New York February, it was inevitable that she should come down sooner or later with a throat condition induced by the celebrated damp of Manhattan, which has been impartially partial to a Gigli and a Flagstad, a Bjoerling and a Barbieri. Director Bing could have played safe and saved his "Aida" with another soprano; but he chose the way of good-will by changing the opera (meaning that those who had bought tickets for Tebaldi could obtain refunds if they chose), while favoring the subscribers (who didn't have such an option) with an alternate novelty of no small interest.

Interesting it was, all right, if not necessarily rewarding. Tosca at the Met has been an obsession with Milanov for some time now (she has performed it sixty or so times elsewhere), and now that she has gotten it off her chest it may show an upward curve from a point, on this first occasion, not much more than decently professional. Milanov has the stature for the part—if somewhat too much bulk to maneuver easily—the womanly vigor to toy with such a Cavaradossi as the youthful Giuseppe Campora in Act I, the hauteur to take care of herself in the clinches with Scarpia (George London) in Act II. This is all done somewhat clumsily and yet with a reasonable likeness of the grand manner.

What she lacks, unfortunately, is the kind of vocal power indispensable to a successful Tosca. The arts and wiles with which she can finesse her way through a Laura in "Gioconda" or a Leonora in "Forza" or an Amelia in "Ballo" are only occasionally useful in "Tosca." They provided her with the means for a cleverly theatrical effect in "Vissa d'arte" (her posture-progress was from a seat on a couch at the beginning to a kneeling position halfway through to a sideslip to the floor at the end, with a remarkable recovery to the kneeling posture for the applause), but where real vocal opulence is required in the duet with Cavaradossi, the exchanges with Scarpia, and the outbursts in Act II the tones were forced and shrill, lacking in focus and proper resonance. That she did as well as she did was a triumph of experience over inadequate means.

London's Scarpia, like other impersonations he has been offering lately, shows an intelligent progress in the use of his vocal attributes toward dramatic ends. It would be well, however, if he would take the way of ease rather than effort, for he may well be pushing his fine sound out of adjustment with too many heavy onslaughts, especially in the upper register. Better a few unheard notes than a voice permanently damaged. Campora's appealing Cavaradossi is, like his Rodolfo, likable in its lyric aspects, a little lacking in force for a dramatic effect in this theatre. Fernando Correna should be commended for a Sacristan gratefully out of the farcical mold, aptly characterized, and well sung. Fausto Cleva held the unrehearsed performance well together.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

"Will you stop referring to me as a Hi-Fi *BUG*!"

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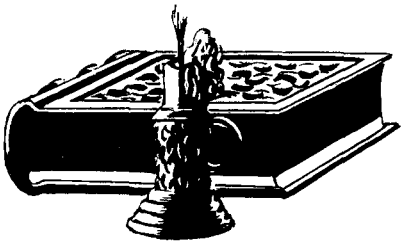
THE YEAR'S BEST RELIGIOUS BOOKS

The advent of Lent and the approach of Pas over make it an especially appropriate time t examine the recent offerings of book publishe in the religious fields. This year SR *again pr sents selections by distinguished members c the three chief American faiths of books th deserve the attention of their co-religionist*



Protestant Reading List

By GERALD KENNEDY, *of the Los Angeles Area of the Methodist Church. Bishop Kennedy is well known for his many books and his radio and television programs. We have included his own latest books, "Who Speaks for God?" and "God's Good News," which he has modestly omitted from his recommendations, at the end of the list. The descriptive annotations are the work of* SR*'s editorial staff. Some of the books that have an especially wide interest are reviewed critically below by Dr. Kenneth D. Miller, retiring executive director of the New York City Mission, author of "God and Man in the City," which is one of the volumes on Bishop Kennedy's list.*

THE BOOK THAT IS ALIVE. *By John Paterson. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.* Anyone who has ever listened to a sermon or a lecture by Professor Paterson of Drew University knows that he is a Scot. True to the fine tradition of Scottish preachers, Paterson is a lover of "The Book." In this as in his earlier published volumes the author writes of his beloved Old Testament with a caressing affection. His scholarly approach to the Bible is never allowed to obscure his appreciation of the Book and its message. In this volume he is dealing primarily with the Book of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, often neglected; but he does not fail to treat of the Psalms and the Prophets, obviously his favorite portions of the Old Testament. Under Dr. Paterson's treatment the Old Testament does indeed come alive.—K. D. M.

CHRISTIAN DEVIATIONS. *By Horton Davies. Philosophical Library. $3.75.* Some clear and friendly explanations of the ways in which Christian Science, Mormonism, and Moral Rearmament fall outside the fold of orthodoxy.

CREED OF OUR HOPE. *By Merrill R. Abbey. Abingdon Press. $1.75.* A brief and realistic attempt to bring out those vital issues of today which are incorporated in the Apostle's Creed.

THE CROSS IS THE KEY. *By Clifford A. Nelson. Augustana Book Concern. $2.50.* A collection of sermons dealing with the Crucifixion, especially suitable for Lenten reading.

THE DARKNESS. *By Evan John. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.* A novel about the Crucifixion, all told in the form of intelligence reports of Roman and Jewish agents. By an Anglican clergyman who also wrote "Ride Home Tomorrow."

THE DILEMMA OF CHURCH AND STATE. *By G. Elson Ruff. Muhlenberg Press. $1.50.* A Lutheran clergyman's discussion of the problem of separation of church and state, with some delineation of the basic assumptions of Prot estants in this matter. Some tentativ solutions to the problem are offere

EACH ONE TEACH ONE: FRANK LAUBAC *By Marjorie Medary. Longman Green & Co. $3.* Frank Laubach is man who for years has been driven b one controlling purpose: to wipe o illiteracy the world over. Beginnir as a phase of missionary work on th island of Mindanao in the Philippine where he taught the native Moslen to read their own language, Dr. Lau bach's crusade, implemented by h own special technique, has spread a over the world with especial emphas upon the situation in India, Afric and South America. As three-fifths the world's population had never bee able to read any language Dr. Lau bach had plenty of people to wo with.

Laubach's technique is amazing simple, but it involved intense stud of the vernaculars of the world ar necessitates the cooperation of thou sands of people. Hence his motto "Each one teach one." As soon as pupil learns to read he must share h knowledge with others.

This book is too much of a Lauba travelogue to do full justice to a extraordinary man. But the unusu qualities of the man shine throug this often pedestrian account of h life and work. —K. D. M.

THE EARLY EVANGELICALS. *By L. E. E liott. Seabury Press. $6.50.* The sto of religion in eighteenth-century En land is generally told in terms of We ley, Whitfield, and the Methodi movement. This book reminds us tha paralleling Methodism and to a lar degree influenced by it, there was significant revitalization of Christi faith and life within the Anglic

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urch. This is a history of that early angelical movement so interestingly itten that never again will the ader think of the eighteenth century dull and stagnant. At its beginning e could be heard saying, "If we ist have a religion let us have a igion that is cool and respectable." its end people were thinking in ms of redemption and conversion d of utter reliance upon God. God eathed upon the dry bones that re the churches, and they came to . Little-known personages played important role in all of this and e author makes them live too.
—K. D. M.

OM A CHRISTIAN GHETTO. *By Geddes cGregor. Longmans, Green & Co.* The time: the twenty-fifth century. The situation: Christians are ce again a despised minority. An egory.

E GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK. *By nest Trice Thompson. John Knox ess. $2.95.* The second gospel emasizes the active life, the mighty rks, and the sacrificial death of rist. Dr. Thompson, who is professor of ecclesiastical history at Union eological Seminary, has analyzed e meaning of these emphases for lay.

RNS AND HALOS IN HUMAN NATURE. *J. Wallace Hamilton. Fleming H. vell Co. $2.50.* A collection of sermons by the popular pastor of the sadena Community Church, St. tersburg, Florida, dealing with the rable of the prodigal son.

GOD BE FOR US. *By Robert E. Luccock. Harper & Bros. $2.50.* One could t expect of the son of Halford Luccock other than interesting eaching. So one picks up this book sermons by the pastor of the urch of the Redeemer in New ven, Connecticut, with anticipation, d is not disappointed. Once we real- that God is for us we can find rese from life's prisons, strength to ar suffering and to combat evil, aling for our loneliness, and assurce that life is not meaningless—ch is the message of this book. Here a preacher far removed from the eace of mind" school who realizes at the Gospel can be and is good ws. —K. D. M.

MORTALITY. *By Alson J. Smith. Prene-Hall. $3.* Mr. Smith, a Methodist rgyman, asks, "Is there scientific idence in support of immortality?" d then proceeds to answer his own estion in the words of such scients as Arthur H. Compton, Robert Millikan, and others.

THE INSPIRATIONAL READER. *Edited by William Oliver Stevens. Doubleday & Co. $3.50.* Great passages of the Bible, assembled under subject headings for easy reference.

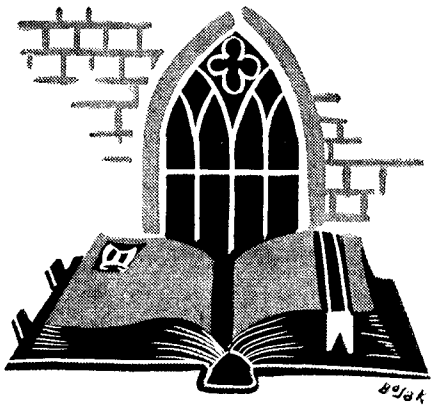
THE JOURNEY. *By Lillian Smith. World Publishing Co. $3.50.* A highly personal tour through her life with Miss Smith ("Strange Fruit" and "Killers of the Dream") and of her finding self-understanding and contentment.

A JOURNEY INTO FAITH. *By Thomas S. Kepler. Abingdon Press. $2.50.* A book of devotional readings designed to relieve tensions without being sentimental about the job.

MAN AND GOD IN THE CITY. *By Kenneth D. Miller. Friendship Press. $2.* All about the problems (and the opportunities) of city churches, by a city missionary of long standing.

THE MEASURE OF MAN. *By Joseph Wood Krutch. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $3.50.* An inquiry into whither modern science is hurrying us. This year's National Book Award winner for nonfiction.

ROADBLOCKS TO FAITH. *By James A. Pike and John McG. Krumm. Morehouse-Gorham. $2.25.* One criticism often leveled at the Church is that its services are dull and stodgy. You always know what to expect—dreary hymns, prayers in monotone, perfunctory reading of the Scriptures, and a sermon, sometimes good, sometimes bad, often indifferent. Those who heard these dialogue sermons as originally delivered in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York must have sat up straight in their pews and listened. For here were two preachers talking back and forth to each other. One played the role of a skeptic and the other of a believer. The skeptic fired questions at the believer—searching questions, such as "Which is the true religion?" "Isn't ethics enough?" "Doesn't evil disprove God?" "I have my own private religion: why the Church?" The



believer (Dean Pike) answers. He never dodges, never seeks refuge in platitudinous generalities. Not every one will agree with all his answers. But at least this novel presentation is interesting and that is an achievement. —K. D. M.

THE SALTY TANG. *By Frederick B. Speakman. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2.* Some of the year's better sermons in book form, these having some nice turns of phrases and some sharp observations among other advantages.

SHE DID TAKE IT WITH HER. *By Dudley Zuver. Harper & Bros. $2.75.* Of Ma Meggs and her sturdy religion (when she lost her glasses she didn't worry because she knew the Bible by heart) and of her grandson who learned something about living from her.

SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN. *By Joy Davidman. Westminster Press. $2.50.* Added interest is attached to this study of the Ten Commandments by reason of the fact that the author is a recent convert from the Jewish faith and writes out of the new understanding of the ancient code that has come to her in the Christian faith. Consequently there are here fresh insights into the deeper meanings of the Ten Commandments which make us thankful that still another book has been written on this subject. While Joy Davidman writes primarily for laymen, there are passages which will set preachers' minds galloping off toward sermons-to-be.
—K. D. M.

A SYMPHONY OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. *By Randolph Crump Miller. Seabury Press. $3.25.* Dr. Miller, an Episcopalian, has come up with a non-traditional set of Sundays, such as Race Relations Sunday, Youth Sunday, Layman's Sunday, and others, for all of which he has provided some plain sermons and some scriptural suggestions.

A TALE OF TWO BROTHERS. *By Mabel R. Brailsford. Oxford University Press. $4.* The two brothers John and Charles Wesley have been as influential in the history of Protestantism in recent centuries as any other two men one might name. For the one was the founder of the Methodist Church and the other the author of many of the great hymns which are sung in all churches. The life and work of John Wesley has been dealt with exhaustively and every student of hymnology knows something about Charles Wesley. But church historians have all too often glossed over the fact that these two brothers clashed with each other con-

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stantly and eventually broke off relations entirely. This book discusses that break frankly and fully. Without writing a "debunking" biography, the author reveals how very human these two religious leaders were. Despite that fact, or perhaps because of it, the real greatness of the Wesleys is not in the least dimmed. —K. D. M.

A TREASURY OF THE KINGDOM. *Compiled by E. A. Blackburn and others. Oxford University Press. $3.50.* A collection of religious writings of a score of past and present authors. The authors: Socrates, Erasmus, G. K. Chesterton, Dostoievsky, Albert Schweitzer, T. S. Eliot, and others.

THE WAYS AND POWER OF LOVE. *By Pitirim A. Sorokin. The Beacon Press. $6.* A pioneering study of the potential power of altruism, together with some description of the scientific foundations for religion and many details on the how and why of religious conversions, all written down by a Harvard sociologist who knows a thing or two about human failings.

WHO SPEAKS FOR GOD? *By Gerald Kennedy. Abingdon Press. $2.50.* Bishop Kennedy's answer: The preacher is the man who speaks for God, and in this book he tries to help the preacher to understand his obligations.

GOD'S GOOD NEWS. *By Gerald Kennedy. Harper & Bros. $2.50.* To deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures in preaching at Yale University is to be recognized as one of the "princes of the pulpit." The Bishop of the Los Angeles Area of the Methodist Church had already gained such recognition before he was asked to give the 1954 lectures. While aimed at the clergy, these lectures, like all of Kennedy's writings, have a much broader appeal. Widely traveled and still more widely read, possessed of a fine sense of humor and, more important still, with a sense of what is really important in the Gospel message, Bishop Kennedy writes delightfully and inspiringly. —K. D. M.

Catholic Reading List

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER, *president of Hunter College, former managing editor of* Commonweal, *and author of numerous books on literary, political, and religious subjects. Dr. Shuster's latest work is "Religion Behind the Iron Curtain," which we have added to his own list of recommendations. The descriptive annotations after each title are the work of* SR's *editors; a number of the volumes have been briefly reviewed by two regular* SR *contributors, Ann F. Wolfe and Dr. Kenneth D. Miller.*

ABBE PIERRE AND THE RAGPICKERS OF PARIS. *By Boris Simon. Translated by Lucie Noel. P. J. Kenedy & Son. $3.75.* Whenever the Church forgets that it is popularly supposed to be "a respectable institution for respectable people" and deliberately goes out of its way to minister to the outcasts of society a newsworthy story results. So when a concerned priest establishes Emmaus, a Catholic social-welfare experiment station, and, with his companions, seeks to minister to the tattered, starving, shivering ragpickers of Paris the book that tells about it is bound to be absorbing reading the while it smites the conscience of comfortable and complacent churchgoers. There are cases where the slow unwinding of the red tape of public and private relief agencies should be superseded by immediate action to meet human need. And surely it is fitting that this be done in the name of One who came to minister to the lowliest and the lost. —K. D. M.

AFRICA: WORLD OF NEW MEN. *By John J. Considine. Dodd, Mead & Co. $4.* An eminent authority on Catholic missions visits the missionaries in Africa and discusses their hopes (and their troubles).

BE NOT AFRAID. *By Emmanuel Mounier. Harper & Bros. $3.50.* Some tonic in the form of essays, the first section dealing with the atomic bomb, the machine in modern society, and the Christian in modern times; the second section outlining the movement founded by the author called "Personalism"—a working out of what is involved, especially socially, in the fundamental Christian teaching that man is a *person*.

BEFORE THE DAWN. *By Eugenio Zolli. Sheed & Ward. $3.25.* The author, once Chief Rabbi of Rome, reflects with some acumen and some pathos on his past life (including his conversion to Catholicism) and discusses Hitler's persecution of the Jews and other recent history.

BISHOP HEALY: BELOVED OUTCAST. *By Albert S. Foley, S.J. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50.* This biography was undertaken in part at least to document the fact that a Negro can become a Bishop in the Roman Catholic Church. But it turned out to be an absorbing story of how one man struggled against race prejudice and became a beloved leader in his Church even though he often felt himself to be an outcast. Healy's Irish father married a mulatto girl in Georgia, but soon found life intolerable there and moved with his family to the North. James Healy found even there that his colored skin was more noticeable than his Irish name. It took courage to go through college and seminary and enter the priesthood. And when this able priest was made a bishop and assigned to the Diocese of Maine and New Hampshire, where Catholics were not particularly popular, his racial background was a second strike against him. But Healy did not strike out. In fact he ended his life not only acclaimed but beloved. —K. D. M.

DAVID. *By Piero Bargellini. Translated by Elisabeth Abbott. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.50.* All the moral dilemmas and psychic torments of the Shepherd King, done with considerable artistry by an Italian author new to American readers.

THE END OF TIME. *By Josef Pieper. Pantheon Books. $2.75.* Some eschatological discussions by a philosopher of the first rank.

FAITH AND FREEDOM. *By Barbara Ward. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75.* A well-known British economist offers a balance sheet by which the good that

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Western civilization has brought to the world (examples: more even distribution of wealth, a respect for the freedom and dignity of the individual) may be measured against the evil. She also cites some strong moral arguments on the side of the West and offers some sane proposals for achieving (and meriting) moral leadership.

GOD'S WAYFARER. *By Irina Gorainoff. Coward-McCann. $2.50.* The chronicle of a modern woman who set out on a pilgrimage to Rome (walking and hitch-hiking) and of the truck-drivers, nuns, professors, tourists, diplomats, and others whom she encountered on the way.

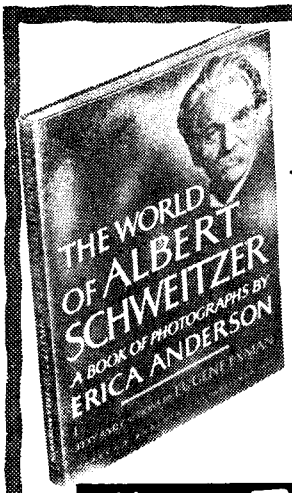
JOAN OF ARC. *By Lucien Fabre. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $5.* It is hard to see how any book can soon challenge "Joan of Arc" as the Number One single-volume story of France's glorious martyr heroine. The drama of her brief life moves with the pace of fiction to its destined climax on the pyre. Nor does it move in a spiritual vacuum. In the Maid's era Christendom was permeated with a sense of the divine and Occupied France was beginning to stir with patriotic hope. As Lucien Fabre proves, the time was right for Joan and Joan for her time.

For all his devout enthusiasm, M. Fabre bends backward in his objectivity. Joan's "gentle Dauphin" is presented in as frank detail, with his vacillation, envy, and superstition, as are his enemies the Dukes of Bedford and Burgundy. In analysis of such problems as Joan's "recantation," historical documents are re-examined and, in perplexing issues, published for the first time. Personal ambition in high places, Cauchon's, for example, and political intrigue—of Frenchmen no less than English and Burgundians—are exposed in their influence on the life of the Domrémy peasant girl. Even a skeptical reader can view with respect the author's treatment of Joan's personality, her military genius, and her Voices. —A. F. W.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. *From the visions of Anne Catherine Emmerich. Templegate. $3.75.* A newly translated (and somewhat literary) account of the visions of the Virgin's life as reported by a German mystic and issued in honor of the Marian year.

THE LORD. *By Msgr. Romano Guardini. Henry Regnery Co. $6.50.* An impressive life of Jesus, emphasizing Christ's personality and the psychology of the God-Man.

THE MEANING OF HOLINESS. *By Louis Lavelle. Pantheon Books. $2.75.* Some



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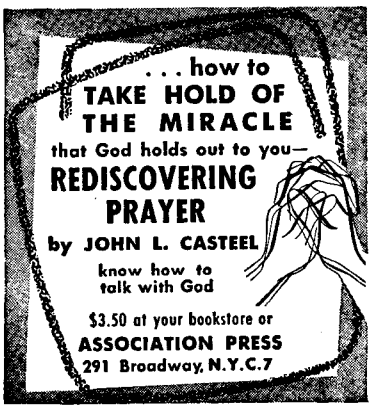
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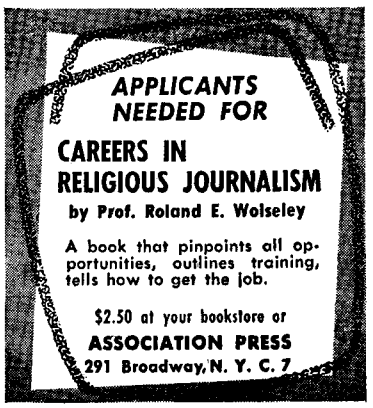
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THE MEDITATIONS OF WILLIAM OF ST. THIERRY. *Harper & Bros. $1.50.* A storehouse of medieval Benedictine writings about prayer, all done with tender (and ardent) piety.

MY SERVANT, CATHERINE. *By Arrigo Levasti. The Newman Press. $4.* A great saint's life done in none-too-erudite style by a distinguished Italian authority.

NOT WITHOUT TEARS. *By Helen Caldwell Day. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.* Some intimate, eloquent (and sometimes sentimental) autobiography by a hard-working Negro woman who founded a Catholic children's center in Memphis, Tenn.

PADRE PRO. *By Fanchon Royer. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $3.50.* In 1927 the Mexican Government initiated a severe persecution of Catholics. This is a very readable account of the life of a Mexican Jesuit who died a martyr as a result of this persecution.

PASCAL AND THE MYSTICAL TRADITION. *By F. T. H. Fletcher. Philosophical Library. $5.* In the spiritual sense, Pascal, seventeenth-century visionary, belonged to the pre-Reformation age. "He acted, wrote, and thought in the idiom of that era." Although his mind admitted that God existed in Nature, his heart sheltered no feeling for the wonders and divinity of material creation. This aridness of spirit was of a piece with his Augustinian asceticism, his abnegation of the physical in the interest of total union with the Supreme Being. Yet it was that same Pascal, drawn by and to God, who wrote with warm humanity that the heart has its reasons.

"Pascal and the Mystical Tradition" is, in effect, a primer of mysticism. Presenting only a bare outline of Pascal's life, F. T. H. Fletcher examines the controversial Frenchman's religious experience and thought and compares them with those of other Western mystics. The "Pensées" are studied not for their literary exquisiteness, but for their spiritual vision. Inasmuch as Pascal is quoted in the original, a knowledge of French is essential for full appreciation of this interesting analysis. —A. F. W.

PIUS XII: EUGENIO PACELLI, POPE OF PEACE. *By Oscar Halecki and James F. Murray, Jr. Farrar, Straus & Young. $4.50.* A new and enlarged edition of a biography which is often considered the most satisfactory one of the present Pope and which is particularly notable for its discussion of his efforts for world peace.

SAINTS IN HELL. *By Gilbert Cesbron. Translated by John Russell. Doubleday & Co. $3.75.* Most novels with a religious slant are long on piety and short on reader interest. This one has both. It is packed full of action and intriguing personalities. It *is* religious; but its religion is of a variety all too seldom found. For it is the story of a worker priest in France. Pierre, the central figure in the novel, works in mufti in a mill in one of the industrial suburbs of Paris and completely identifies himself with the workers of the community. He lives in a broken-down, rat-infested tenement like the rest and devotes his "leisure" hours to the meeting of the stark and often tragic needs of the people there. His "church" is an altar which he improvises in the back of his quarters. He is confronted with unspeakable working and living conditions, strikes, Communist agitation, denunciation by the mill owners, the police, and the press, and opposition from his ecclesiastical superiors.

It is a gripping story of religion at work among "the poorest, the lowliest and the lost!" Incidentally, the book is a commentary on the present state of affairs in France. —K. D. M.

STOP, LOOK AND LIVE. *By James Keller, C.M. Garden City Books. $2.* Some lively meditations for every day in the year, all written by a priest who has a pretty good idea how people actually live.

THE STORY OF THE ROSARY. *By J. G. Shaw. Bruce Publishing Co. $3.25.* This history of the Rosary ransacks previous literature on the subject, and comes up with some fresh (though venturesome) conclusions about this tool of Catholic faith.

THE STORY OF THOMAS MORE. *By John Farrow. Sheed and Ward. $3.50.* Moscow's Marx-Engels Institute, it seems, has asked a London convent for information on "Utopia" and its author. Misinterpreted frequently in Thomas More's day as, obviously, in our own, the social vision of a sixteenth-century English idealist has never ceased to fire the imagination of those who seek—or claim to seek—a better world for all men.

Even if Thomas More had not written "Utopia" history would honor him as a leading humanist and a great English statesman. Striving for both unity and reform in his church, he chose unity and paid for it with martyrdom. As he said on the scaffold,

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he "died the King's good servant, but God's first."

Quite aside from his brilliance as a lawyer, statesman and scholar, Sir Thomas makes perhaps his strongest appeal as a human being. A prayerful ascete who wore a hair shirt till the hour of his execution, he was a cheerful, kindly man with ready wit. He deeply cherished his large family, keeping his children and grandchildren under his hospitable roof, educating the sprawling household in the new learning, sharing and guiding communal religious devotions. His counsel was sought in Europe's chancelleries, yet he personally sought out the lowly poor to bring them alms and advice.

The story is a short, popular study of the English saint, his family, Erasmus, and other More friends. Colorful and authoritative, it cuts through quotation and source material to cleave to a strong narrative line. Henry VIII's first two marriages and the European maneuverings of Wolsey, would-be Pope, are sharply outlined in their bearing on Sir Thomas' career. —A. F. W.

ST. THOMAS MORE. *By E. E. Reynolds. P. J. Kenedy & Son. $6.* A longer, more erudite book, admirably bulwarked with quotation and footnote. Equally with Mr. Farrow, he portrays the glory and tragedy of More's era with its humanistic reforms, explorations, heresies, pageantry, and epidemics of disease. Mr. Farrow's work is an ideal introductory story, Mr. Reynolds's a "must" for the shelf of any scholar of history or religion. —A. F. W.

THE THIRD REVOLUTION. *By Karl Stern. Harcourt, Brace & Co., $4.* Without the sub-title, "Psychiatry and Religion," one would never suspect what kind of revolution the author has in mind. His "first revolution" came about when a determining role was given to economics with a resulting Marxism. "The second revolution" in our thought issued out of biology and developed "racism." Now, in "the third revolution" we are centering our thoughts upon psychiatry with the danger that a materialistic interpretation of life will become dominant. This need not happen, according to Professor Stern. Psychoanalysis need not be materialistic in its emphasis. Properly understood and utilized, the basic concepts of psychoanalysis are not only compatible with the Christian idea of man, but confirm it. Such a thesis coming from one quite evidently steeped in Catholic ascetical theology is arresting. But the author is Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Ottawa and writes as a psychiatrist not as a theologian. —K. D. M.

THE WATER AND THE FIRE. *By Gerald Vann, O.P. Sheed & Ward. $2.75.* A positive book which tries to find the positive role every man (and woman) can play in the task of reshaping one's own life (and ultimately civilization).

RELIGION BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN. *By George N. Shuster. The Macmillan Co. $4.* An up-to-date, factual account of Communist efforts to erase religious opposition to themselves by means of ridicule, unfair trials, death, and other unpleasant methods.

Never as Men

By Alma Roberts Giordan

THEY live together in peace, the sparrow, the wren,
the bluebird, the purple grackle; nor do they lynch
the ebony crow that steals from the yellow finch,
nor the jay that would pilfer their treasures.
Never as men
behave do the birds behave: let the cowbird drop
her eggs in the martin's nest and the martin will hatch
socialist fledglings, nor care that her own do not match:
nature will balance—for this the world must not stop.

Strict law maintains, but not malice, not meditated
revenge: watch for a frantic minute the hawk,
how the small birds all fearless pursue him, dive at his eyes:
high, high they soar till justice is done and abated
their fury;
wings fold and the dying and terrible squawk
is silenced forever, and peace is restored to the skies.

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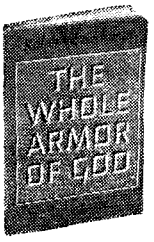

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Jewish Reading List

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN, *novelist, critic, Jewish scholar, and professor at Brandeis University. His books include "The American Jew," "Expression in America," "Goethe: The Story of a Man," and a number of novels. He was also editor of "Rebirth: A Book of Modern Jewish Thought." His latest book is "What Is the Jewish Heritage?" which we've appended to his list of recommendations.* SR*'s editorial staff has provided the descriptive annotations for most of Dr. Lewisohn's selections, while Harold U. Ribalow, a specialist in the field of Jewish writing, offers critical appraisal for ten of the works with wide interest.*

AARON COPLAND. *By Arthur Berger. Oxford University Press. $3.50.* A biography of the American composer who managed to combine the essence of jazz, mountain music, and New England church music into one. By a regular contributor on music to *The Saturday Review.*

BLESSED IS THE LAND. *By Louis Zara. Crown Publishers. $3.95.* A full-blown novel about the first Jews in New Amsterdam, about their struggles and about their leader, Ashur Levy, a character often mentioned in the history books but never before in fiction.

EVENTFUL YEARS AND EXPERIENCES. *By Bertram Wallace Korn. American Jewish Archives. $4.* Bertram Wallace Korn is a young Philadelphia rabbi whose studies in American Jewish history are rapidly winning for him a reputation as one of the foremost Jewish historians in the United States. In his latest volume, subtitled "Studies in Nineteenth Century American Jewish History," he reports on the first prayer offered by a rabbi to Congress; on the Know-Nothing movement and its relations to the Jews; on the Southern statesman Judah P. Benjamin; on certain Jewish attitudes on the slavery question and on the contribution to American life by the German-Jewish immigrants of 1848. It does not harm Dr. Korn one bit that, in addition to his scholarship and his genuine curiosity, he writes very well. —H. U. R.

AN AMERICAN SYNAGOGUE FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW. *Edited by Peter Blake. Union of American Hebrew Congregations. $10.* A comprehensive guide to modern synagogue design and construction, edited by a member of the staff of *Architectural Forum.*

ANCIENT ISRAEL. *By Harry M. Orlinsky. Cornell University Press. Clothbound, $2.50. Paperbound, $1.75.* An account of the society which produced the Bible, together with a good deal of description of how Jewish religious concepts (the covenant of God, the worth of the individual) developed in actual historical situations.

THE COASTS OF THE EARTH. *By Harold Livingston. Clothbound, Houghton Mifflin, $3. Paperbound, Ballantine Books, 35¢.* Since the establishment of Israel there have not been more than a half-dozen serious fictional attempts to delineate the struggle for Israeli independence. Few of them gained large audiences, for they were bought, if at all, by confirmed Zionists, and so their influence was minor. This novel is different. For one thing, its author is an American who helped to fly airplanes with war materials from Europe to Palestine. With an assist from Ernest Hemingway, whose style Livingston ardently admires, the dialogue is fine, as is the action. As a war novel this is an exciting book. But this is a "political" novel as well. The Israelis demand that the Anglo-Saxon airmen working for them take a pledge of obedience to Israel during the war. The conflict of loyalties, especially within the hearts of American Jews, is severe. Oddly, the hero, a Gentile named Tony Nevins, breaks the "strike" which is called soon after the pledge of obedience is demanded. His action breaks the "strike" and the war goes on—although Tony is killed.

Mr. Livingston is not optimistic about the future relationship between American Jews and Israelis, which is a disturbing note, although an honest one, in a first novel of distinction. —H. U. R.

FOR ZION'S SAKE. *By Norman Bentwich. Jewish Publication Society. $4.* Judah L. Magnes's life was one of the most interesting failures of modern times. Rabbi Magnes established a Jewish Kehilla (organized community) in New York, but was unable to maintain it; he was a pacifist who was tortured over his pacifism when Hitler proceeded to massacre millions of Jews; he was an early Zionist who later opposed a Jewish State. He was a moral teacher whose preachings were seldom heeded. And he was the chancellor and first president of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, but not sufficiently satisfied with his own command of the Hebrew language to address his students frequently. Therefore, one of the great Jewish orators of his time was in many respects stilled for much of his adult life.

To this day Dr. Magnes is either revered or reviled, and the word "reviled" is not too harsh. Mr. Bentwich, who collaborated with Dr. Magnes for many years, points out the contradictions in his subject's life and the complexities which made him so peculiarly ineffective as a leader. But he has also managed to write a good biography about a fascinating and a most unusual Jew. —H. U. R.

GOOD AND EVIL. *By Martin Buber. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.* Reinhold Niebhur has called Martin Buber "the greatest living Jewish philosopher." This praise comes not only from Dr. Neibuhr, but from an entire generation of Jews tired of rationalism and intrigued by the mystic teachings and writings of men like Buber. In this small book, containing two separate essays, "Right and Wrong" and "Images of Good and

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Evil," Dr. Buber analyzes five of the Psalms, which "treat of the relation between right doing and wrong doing, between the rightdoers and the wrongdoers on earth, and so of the world struggle between good and evil," and undertakes to answer such questions as "Why is evil so powerful?" and "What is the origin of evil?"

Like all his books, this one is saturated with the Jewish spirit, although it addresses all men to whom the problems of good and evil exist, which is to say, all men. —H. U. R.

THE HOLY CITY. *By Albert N. Williams. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $6.* A popular history of thirty centuries in Jerusalem, from David and Solomon to the present day.

JEWISH THOUGHT AS A FACTOR IN CIVILIZATION. *By Leon Roth. Columbia University Press. 40¢.* Of the history of the Jewish people and of how the ancient Jewish laws have become a part of Western civilization.

THE JEWS IN AMERICA: A HISTORY. *By Rufus Learsi. World Publishing Co. $6.* A definitive one-volume history of the first 300 years of the Jews in America.

A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS. *By Wolf Mankowitz. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.* An adventurous father in Africa, a bone-crushing tailor's assistant, and a little boy with Aladdin tendencies. A novel by the author of "Make Me an Offer."

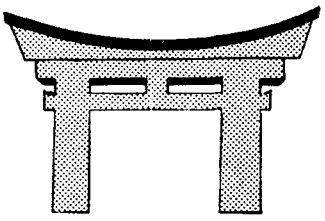
MAN'S QUEST FOR GOD. *By Abraham Joshua Heschel. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.* Professor Heschel of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America is a religious mystic and a theologian who writes like a poet. But he is, above all, a man of immense moral courage. Some years ago he addressed the Rabbinical Assembly of America and told the spiritual leaders that we—and they—have lost the power of prayer. Dr. Heschel was assailed from many pulpits, but in this recent volume, which is a collection of essays on prayer, the reader can judge for himself whether Dr. Heschel knows whereof he speaks. He reprints here, with some changes, his speech before the Rabbinical Assembly and other articles and speeches.

Prayer has become a symbol, according to Dr. Heschel, but "symbols without faith are unnecessary baggage." He adds, "We do not suffer symbolically; we suffer literally, truly, deeply; symbolic remedies are quackery. The will of God is either real or a delusion." That God is real and that delusions are dangerous is Dr. Heschel's thesis. —H. U. R.

MARTYRS AND FIGHTERS. *By Philip Friedman. Frederick A. Praeger. $4.* The whole story of the Warsaw ghetto during World War II, all assembled from eyewitness accounts, battle reports, defiant last testaments, and other first-hand sources.

THE MUSIC OF THE JEWS. *By Aron Marks Rothmuller. Beechhurst Press, $5.* If articles and books on the subject are any criterion there *is* a Jewish music. Certainly Mr. Rothmuller writes convincingly in this volume about Jewish music, since its Biblical beginnings up to modern times. To him Jewish music is that in which folk characteristics and features are revealed or created by those who belong to the Jewish cultural group.

Setting himself a definition, Mr. Rothmuller, who is a Jewish singer and composer of distinction, reveals also that he is a socialist in his field. The truth is that his book too frequently is aimed not at the layman but at the musician. The general reader will learn a great deal about Ernest Bloch and other great Jewish composers, and something about Jewish music, which may be enough, but at least one reader wishes that the au-



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thor had been less technical and more readable. —H. U. R.

MYER MYERS, GOLDSMITH. *By Jeannette W. Rosenbaum. Jewish Publication Society of America. $6.* A biography of a colonial gold- and silversmith who operated about the same time as Paul Revere and whose work is to be found in synagogues, churches, museums, and private collections.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS IN JEWISH HISTORY. *By Cecil Roth. Jewish Publication Society. $4.* A collection of delightful essays written over a period of twenty-five years for various Jewish magazines, including one on the possible Jewish background of Columbus. —H. U. R.

REBIRTH AND DESTINY OF ISRAEL. *By David Ben-Gurion, Philosophical Library. $10.* The white-haired, elderly man, who is a member of the Israeli settlement called Sde Boker and was once Prime Minister of the State of Israel, is a remarkable individual, as this huge book of his public addresses, from 1915 to 1952, reveals. Naturally the emphasis here is on the history of Zionism and the detailed reports of a Prime Minister to his people during a War of Independence. But the quality of Ben-Gurion's mind can be judged, even in faulty translation and in unavoidable repetition. State declarations seldom read well; some of the essays in this volume do. It is a tribute to Ben-Gurion's broad knowledge of Jewish affairs and his courage, not only in the political arena but in the even more tangled jungle of Jewish cultural life. —H. U. R.

REBUILDING THE LAND OF ISRAEL. *By Gershon Canaan. Architectural Book Publishing Co. $12.50.* An architect's search into the ancient architecture of Palestine (the Temple, Solomon's palace, and other buildings), all in an effort to develop an indigenous modern architecture for modern Israel, examples of which the author describes in detail.

THE SPARK AND THE EXODUS. *By Benedict and Nancy Freedman. Crown Publishers. $3.* A brave little tale of a Zionist flight from Poland to Palestine in 1906, and of a student, a weaver, a rogue, and others in the group. A novel by the authors of "Mrs. Mike."

SCAPEGOAT OF REVOLUTION. *By Judd L. Teller. Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50.* Dr. Teller aroused the Jewish intellectual community in America with his thesis that Jews are not radicals and revolutionaries, "which is a popular myth." Dr. Teller insists that the Jew has been a conservative, for "revolution brings convulsions" and when revolutions occur "the alien at once becomes a target" and the Jew has been an alien.

Utilizing much scholarship, Dr. Teller stresses that Socialist leaders have frequently been violently anti-Semitic and that Jewish radicals were Jews who were "emancipated" from their Judaism and were themselves Jew-haters. In attempting to prove his thesis Dr. Teller sometimes overexaggerates, but his analysis of Soviet anti-Semitism, of Zionism, of the Communist attempts to control the American Jewish labor movement are extremely valuable and make his work useful even when controversial.

—H. U. R.

A TREASURY OF YIDDISH STORIES. *Edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg. Viking Press, $5.95.* Literary critic Howe and Yiddish poet Greenberg have not only managed to collect fifty-two stories by a representative list of twenty-three authors (plus a brief section of Yiddish folklore and a Yiddish glossary of terms), but they also have obtained first-rate translations from such writers of stature as Saul Bellow, Charles Angoff, Ludwig Lewisohn, Maurice Samuel, Meyer Levin, Alfred Kazin, and A. M. Klein. Other equally gifted but less-known Jewish literary personalities (Shlomo Katz, Milton Hindus, Isaac Rosenfeld, and Hilde Abel) have also translated some of these tales.

Howe and Greenberg have done an imaginative and thorough job, although they readily concede that their collection is far from exhaustive.

"Yiddish literature," they say, "has brought forth a number of remarkable figures and has been characterized by attitudes we should look to with admiration, perhaps even yearning." Every page of their book supports this belief. —H. U. R.

THE WHITE CITADEL. *By Charles Neider. Twayne Publishers. $3.50.* All about some robust and diverting people of Bessarabia, and particularly of a man who struggled to possess his soul against the determination of his mother and his wife to possess it for him.

THE WORCESTER ACCOUNT. *By S. N. Behrman. Random House. $3.50.* Reminiscences by the well-known playwright of his growing up on Providence Street, Worcester, Mass., a district inhabited largely by first-generation Jewish-Americans.

WHAT IS THIS JEWISH HERITAGE? *By Ludwig Lewisohn. B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundations. $1.25.* A brief and dedicated attempt to explain the basic meanings of the Jewish heritage.

Religious Bookshelf

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following is a checklist of other significant religious books published during 1954 and thus far this year.*

Religion in Our Times

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA: A Series of Articles from Commonweal. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75. In symposium form, the relation of Catholicism to other religions, politics, entertainment, and education is given vigorous and intellectually stimulating attention by Catholic and non-Catholic writers.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION WORLD IN OUR DAY. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Harper & Bros. $2.50. In spreading the Gospel the world over missionary institutions are facing critical problems which receive detailed explanation from Dr. Latourette, a professor emeritus at Yale University.

GOD'S SECRET ARMIES. By Joseph Johnston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75. Using a variety of information which has leaked out of Russia, the author pieces together a picture which shows active resistance on the part of all faiths behind the Iron Curtain to thwart dictatorial oppression.

GUIDE POSTS IN MODERN JUDAISM. By Jacob B. Agus. Bloch Publishing Co. $4.50. A detailed exposition of the thinking and teaching of Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform Judaism in relation to community living forms the base for Dr. Agus's evaluation of current trends.

HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING. By Preston Bradley. Hanover House. $2.95. Dr. Bradley, pastor of the non-sectarian Peoples' Church of Chicago, has gathered a lifetime's worth of anecdotal material designed to guide readers toward serenity through conquest of worry.

IF YOU MARRY OUTSIDE YOUR FAITH. By James A. Pike. Harper & Bros. $2.50. The ostrichlike approach to mixed marriages can cause serious repercussions which could be avoided, Dr. Pike suggests, by careful counseling and understanding of primary religious and social factors.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING: Second Series. By Fulton J. Sheen. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. Bishop Sheen's latest collection of sermons delivered on television expounds the need for religion in every-day life and brims with popular anecdotes.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF GOD. By William J. Wolf. Doubleday & Co. $2.95. A professor at Cambridge (Massachusetts) Episcopal Theological Seminary translates the teachings of Jesus about God into modern-day terms and discusses the need for their application.

THE REAL ENJOYMENT OF LIVING. By Hyman Judah Schachtel. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.75. As chief rabbi of a Texas congregation and columnist for the *Houston Post*, Dr. Schachtel in these popularized and inspirational sermons gives his views on marriage, education, and a host of daily problems.

THE RENEWAL OF MAN: A Twentieth-Century Essay on Justification by Faith. By Alexander Miller. Doubleday & Co. $2.95. Exploring ways and means of making contemporary life significant, the author calls for a wider application of the basic principles expounded in the Bible.

SECULARISM IS THE WILL OF GOD. By Horace M. Kallen. Twayne Publishers. $4. Dr. Kallen, a professor emeritus of the New School for Social Research in New York, analyzes the historic relation of church and state in America and in strong terms advocates a continued separation to preserve the liberties now enjoyed by both.

THEOLOGY AND REALITY. By W. Norman Pittenger. The Seabury Press. $3.25. Dr. Pittenger has an ecumenical approach to the Christianity of our times and as the vice-chairman of the Theological Commission of the World Council of Churches he explains the relation of religion to science, philosophy, liberal traditions, and culture.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATHOLICS. By Virgil A. Kelly. The Dial Press. $2.75. As an active member of the Knights of Columbus, Mr. Kelly in crusading fashion answers a catalogue-full of criticism directed against the faith he represents.

TRUTH IS ONE: The Story of the World's Great Living Religions in Pictures and Text. By Henry James Forman and Roland Gammon. Harper & Bros. $5. Religion as it is practised today in both the West and the

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East is splendidly captured by the camera-eye and roving discussion by two veteran observers of the religious scene.

ULTIMATE QUESTIONS. By Nathaniel Micklem. Abington Press. $2. A Biblical scholar, Dr. Micklem reemphasizes in popular terms the need for relegating belief in Revelation to a central place in modern life.

The Church and History

ALEXANDRIAN CHRISTIANITY: Selected Translations of Clement and Origen. Introduction and notes by John Ernest Leonard Oulton and Henry Chadwick. The Westminster Press. $5. Much of the material in this volume has been translated into English for the first time, making available the writings of the second-century thinkers who helped shape the course of theological doctrine.

CATHOLICISM, PROTESTANTISM, AND CAPITALISM. By Amintore Fanfani. Sheed & Ward. $3. The author, presently leader of Italy's Christian Democratic Party, searches for the factors which have guided Protestant countries toward capitalistic progress contrary to trends in Catholic areas.

CHRISTIANITY AND WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. Stanford University Press. $2.50. In a series of lectures a noted historian traces the impact of Christianity upon the West, stressing features such as individuality and personal liberty.

EARLY AMERICAN JEWRY. Vol. II. By Jacob Rader Marcus. The Jewish Publication Society of America. $4. The role played by colonial Jews of Pennsylvania and the South in their communities is given voluminous scope by a historian-scholar of Cincinnati's Hebrew Union College.

EVERYDAY LIFE IN NEW TESTAMENT TIMES. By A. C. Bouquet. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50. With the aid of numerous illustrations, Dr. Bouquet of England's Cambridge University deftly brings to life the Mediterranean world by picturing the minutest details of dress, travel, occupations, and administration.

GREAT VOICES OF THE REFORMATION. Edited with commentaries by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Random House. $2.45. This Modern Library Giant anthologizes the thoughts and writings of such pioneers of Protestantism as Wycliffe, Luther, Calvin, and Wesley.

A HISTORY OF THE ECUMENICAL MOVEMENT: 1517-1948. By Ruth Rouse and Stephen Charles Neill. The Westminster Press. $9. Sponsored by the World Council of Churches, this voluminous reference work embraces the organization development of the Church and the periodic attempts to enlist cooperation and reunion among Churches of different confession.

JESUS AND HIS TIMES. By Daniel-Rops. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. A distinguished French Catholic scholar reconstructs the life of Jesus along orthodox lines, rejecting Renan's sociological interpretations and taking to task a whole body of scholars who equate the philosophy and symbolism of early Christianity with that of the ancient "mystery religions" of Egypt and the East.

MYTH AND RITUAL IN CHRISTIANITY. By Alan W. Watts. Vanguard Press. $4.75. At home in both Christian theology and Oriental philosophy, A. W. Watts introduces laymen to the associative wealth, meaning, and origin of Christian symbols.

Philosophy, Personal Credo

ALL IN GOOD TIME. By G. B. Stern. Sheed & Ward. $2.50. English novelist Gladys Stern describes the feeling of unwantedness and childhood feelings of desolation which paved the way for her conversion to Catholicism.

AN ESSAY ON CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by E. H. Flannery. Philosophical Library. $2.75. This essay embodies the main ideas of France's leading Thomistic philosopher, who makes a case for equating moral philosophy with moral theology.

JEREMIAH. By Elmer A. Leslie. Abingdon Press. $4.75. Chronologically arranged, translated, and interpreted by Dr. Leslie of Boston University's School of Theology, this volume places the prophet Jeremiah in the context of his time and explains the effectiveness of his preachings.

GOD AND POLARITY. A Synthesis of Philosophies. By Wilmot Henry Sheldon. Yale University Press. $8. Emeritus professor of philosophy at Yale, the author roams far and wide among philosophies of East and West in a search for a common humanistic denominator.

GOLDEN MOMENTS OF RELIGIOUS INSPIRATION: A Treasury of Faith from the Christian Herald. Edited by Ruth M. Elmquist. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.75. Lloyd C. Douglas, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Thomas Sugrue are among the many contributors who tell of their personal credo and most memorable experience.

THE GUIDEPOSTS ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Norman Vincent Peale. Prentice-Hall. $3.50. Seventy-five public figures such as Toscanini, Billy Graham, Arthur Godfrey, and Eisenhower relate significant moments in their lives in terms of their religious and human value.

LOVE, POWER, AND JUSTICE: Ontological Analysis and Ethical Applications. By Paul Tillich. Oxford University Press. $2.50. The nature of *being* in all of its philosophical implications is given a closely-reasoned analysis by Professor Tillich of New York's Union Theological Seminary.

THE MEANING OF HOLINESS. By Louis Lavelle. Pantheon Books. $2.75. The late French scholar Lavelle discusses the lives of four saints—St. Francis, St. Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, St. Francis de Sales—in terms of personality and achievement of sanctity.

POLITICS OF BELIEF. By Philip Spencer. Grove Press. $6. The turbulent lives of Lacordaire, Michon, and Veuillot—Catholic figures of nineteenth-century France who fought for advanced social creeds within the Church—are re-created by an expert biographer.

ST. PAUL AND EPICURUS. By Norman Wentworth DeWitt. University of Minnesota Press. $4. This unusual but scholarly investigation traces the influence of the Greek philosopher Epicurus upon the writings of Apostle Paul and analyzes portions of the Epistles for corroboration.

SYMBOLS AND VALUES: An Initial Study. Edited by Lyman Bryson, *et al.* Harper & Bros. $6. The role of symbolism in society is the subject of thirty-four papers and sixteen longer articles presented by a group of notables at the Thirteenth Symposium of the Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion at Columbia University.

The Bible

GREAT IDEAS OF THE BIBLE. Vol. II. By Ryllis Goslin Lynip. Harper & Bros. $2.75. Selecting passages from the Moffat Bible, Mrs. Lynip, who has been connected with New York's Riverside Church, addresses herself to the younger set in outlining Moses, Elijah, Jeremiah, and Paul.

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE. Vols. III & IV. Edited by Nolan B. Harmon, *et al.* Abingdon Press. $8.75. each. This twelve-volume series aims to provide each book of the King James version of the Bible with detailed commentary and background articles by authorities in the field. Volume III covers Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Esther, Nehemiah and Job, while Volume IV includes Psalms and Proverbs.

THE NEW TESTAMENT: The King James Version in Cadenced Form. Designed by Morton C. Bradley, Jr. Rinehart & Co. $5. A handsome volume typographically, this version of the New Testament arranges the text into poetrylike lines and stanzas that are ingeniously suitable for reading aloud.

OLD TESTAMENT IN MODERN RESEARCH. By Herbert F. Hahn. Muhlenburg Press. $4. Dr. Hahn evaluates the body of Bible scholarship that has resulted from the anthropological, the religio-historical, and the sociological approach to the interpretation of the Old Testament.

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE FINE ARTS. By Cynthia Pearl Maus. Harper & Bros. $5.95. This ambitious anthology includes art, hymns, poems, and stories by writers and artists who through the ages have found inspiration for their work in the Old Testament.

HOW OUR BIBLE CAME TO US. By H. G. G. Herklots. Oxford University Press. $3.50. In concise fashion English Bible scholar Herklots traces the various texts and versions of the Bible from the earliest times to the present and provides a convenient chronological table of events.

THE WONDER AND THE GLORY OF THE BIBLE. Edited and interpreted by Daniel A. Poling and Henry Thomas. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95. Using the King James version, the authors provide pertinent commentary and occasional summary to provide lay readers with a key to appreciation and understanding of the Bible.

—Siegfried Mandel.

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• • **INFORMATIVE NOTE** Picked Up on Trip Through Dixie: Three-Minute Brand Hominy Grits takes twenty-five to thirty minutes to cook according to the directions on the box.

• • To handle the royal traffic crossing the continent to attend the wedding of Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia to Maria Pia of Savoy in Lisbon, February 12, Air France put on a special Constellation. The extra flight, the announcement said, "is offered as an added convenience to enable international personalities to attend the wedding. . . . The Constellation service will afford both first-class and tourist-class accommodations. . . ."

• • Hallmark is manufacturing a new wrapping paper called Far-Away Places, featuring a full-color, decorated map of the world. Pandas, sampans, shepherds, sheiks, safari-toters, gauchos, and fire-breathing dragons embellish the real estate in the places you would expect them. Brentano's has it in New York.

• • The new "Cinerama Holiday," except for some fascinating footage from a jet-carrying aircraft-carrier, is all travel. The cast includes Florian Niederer, silver-tongued travel promoter for Switzerland, and actor Art Buchwald, who also writes a column in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. This well-labeled department was enthralled by the stupendous flight over the snow-covered Alps, the wonderful runs down the Swiss slopes near Davos, and the ice show on the frozen cake in front of the Suvretta House in St. Moritz, the rink falling away to an incredible view of the frosted Engadine beyond.

• • We have just received word that April 11-17 are the dates set for our favorite annual carnival: The Puyallup Valley Daffodil Festival, Inc.

• • Like it or no, the travel best-seller all these years has been "Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe," written by Temple Fielding, a Majorcan-based American who wears a red dinner jacket and suffers an ailing liver. Fielding's has been blessed as the *dernier mot* on Europe's bistros and bordellos and also it has been tossed to the porpoises by irate readers from the fantail of ocean-going vessels. Anyway, "Fielding's" is Fielding's and has been since 1948, so what's with this new "Pocket Guide to Europe," by Captain Michael Fielding, billed as "famous author, lecturer, tour escort?" Fielding, Temple, was a major, and is, as well, a "famous author, lecturer, and tour escort." Michael Fielding's "Pocket Guide" measures 4⅝ x 7 inches, numbers 256 pages, sells for $2.95, according to advices from Rand McNally. Temple Fielding's too-big-for-your-pocket guide is 7 9/16 inches x 4⅝, has 804 pages, sells for $4.95. You can't tell the guidebooks without a guide.

• • Visiting foreign lady debarked from the Oslofjord at the foot of Manhattan's Morton Street the other day, and after clearing customs was confronted by the representative of John Forbes Express of 419 West 48th St., New York City. The expressman offered to relieve the lady of her suitcases and promised to dispatch them directly to the door of her destination in suburban Scarsdale in exchange for seven dollars. The luggage arrived as promised, but the $7, the deliveryman who stood at her door said, only covered toting the cargo from the pier to Grand Central Station. It would be another $5.16 from the depot to the wilds of Westchester County. Forbes, you ain't improving our foreign relations.

• • When *Queen Mary* docked at 6:30 P.M. on February 8 a group of thirty passengers, not U.S. citizens, had already been waiting twenty minutes for the inspectors of the Department of Immigration and Naturalization to check their papers so they could move on to Public Health, then to the dock to clear Customs. They were informed that the docking of the ship interfered with the dinner hour of the Immigration Inspectors, who were due back at 7:30 P.M. They came at 8, ran through their stamping routine, and the British family (including a two-and-a-half-year-old youngster) who reported this to us finally cleared the dock at 9:30 P.M., three hours after docking time, three hours twenty minutes after queuing up. This department would be pleased to note and record similar incidents that have come to the attention of its readers.

• • The *Chicago Daily News* Foreign Service reports that America is surrounding itself with a "Silver Curtain." "Unless a European is rich it is almost impossible for him to penetrate the 'Silver Curtain' and visit the Statue of Liberty," it says in a dispatch from Rome. If a European does not have a substantial bank account in the United States, or a large European bank account, he must have an American sponsor. Here is what the sponsor must produce, according to the information sheet of the American Embassy in Rome:

1—A report of the American sponsor's actual income derived

—United Press Photo. —Acme Photo.

Fielding of Majorca—"bordellos?" Jones of Wales—"leeks?" Pia of Savoy—"tourists?" Hirohito of Nippon—"rhymes?"

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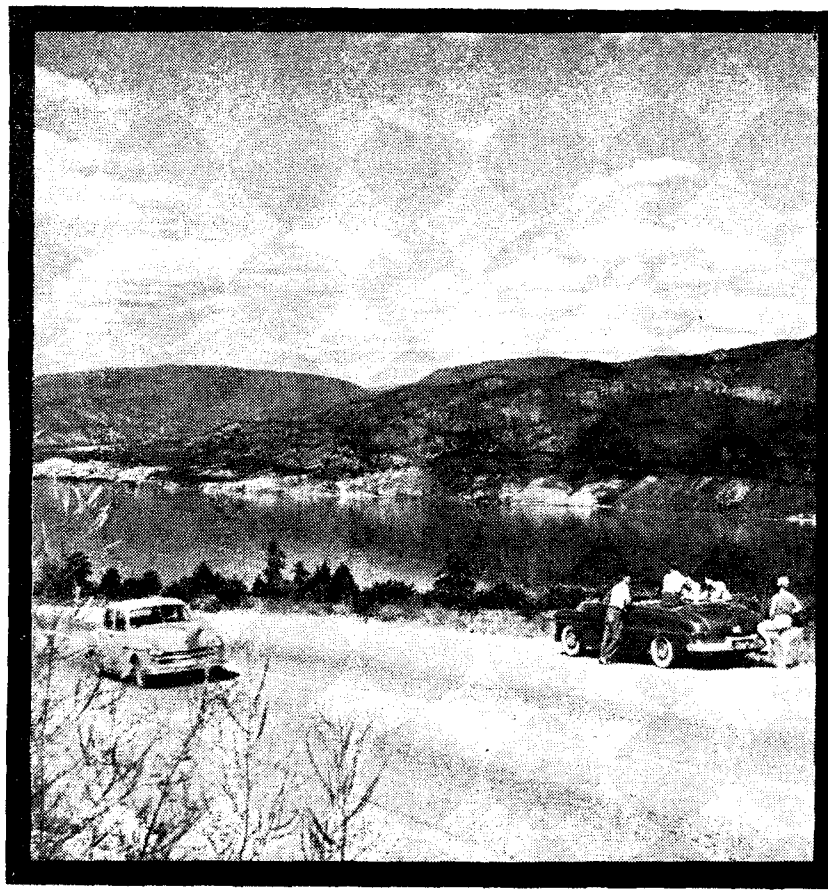

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during the previous calendar year and a statement showing his earnings by months during the current calendar year. A statement from the American sponsor's employers giving the nature of his employment and his prospects for steady employment in the future. Or—

2—A report on the sponsor's business prepared by a reliable mercantile or credit agency, or by a bank.

3—A certified copy of the sponsor's income tax returns for the last taxable year.

4—Letters from the banks in which the sponsor has an account, setting forth his initial date of opening each account and the present balance.

5—Proof of investments in any securities owned by the sponsor, accompanied by the statement of a reliable bank or investment house regarding their current value.

6—If the sponsor claims ownership of real estate, he should submit a certificate, under official seal from the public registry office as to undischarged mortgages or other encumbrances and a certificate from the competent public office stating the assessed valuation of the real estate in question. These documents must be submitted in duplicate, and be notarized.

•• The National Association of Travel Organizations, a group of official State travel bureaus and domestic tourist attractions, is about to launch a campaign to induce foreigners to come as tourists to the United States.

•• That blessing of the high road and the high seas Dramamine, first reported on in this space [*SR* May 7, 1949] and later reprinted in the worldwide editions of *The Reader's Digest*, has, after all this time, been made available for sale without a doctor's prescription. Ninety-five cents for a bottle of twelve.

•• Each year on his birthday Hirohito has been in the habit of writing a little poem which when translated from the Japanese becomes a bare declarative thought unbolstered by meter, rhyme, or other decorations. Often we have wondered what the original sounded like in native lingo. We are indebted to Japan Airlines for providing a small collection of our favorite proverbs, converted to Japanese meaning, then translated back to English. "The early bird catches the worm" comes out "The early riser has seven grains." "Big oaks from little acorns grow" is "Dust amassed will make a mountain." And

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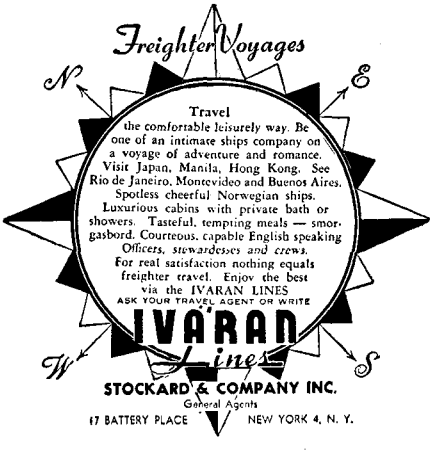
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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS ISSUE

Music Festivals Feature

The Saturday Review-March 12

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if you can't get blood from a turnip, it is truly said in Nippon that clams are not obtainable from the field.

• • If your dog needs a vacation—after all, maybe he's been living a man's life—why not send him to the nation's snazziest dog hotel, located at Bradford, Rhode Island? It's called Bed Rock, although such a name would never win a human, and its guests come from California, Maine, New Orleans. Dogs arrive by train or plane, and the proprietor, John Sullivan, meets all arrivals either at the Westerly Depot or the airports at Hillsgrove or Trumbull.

• • We've been to see a Miss Janet Jones of Abergynolwyn, who has arrived wearing a top hat and accompanied by a corgi, a coracle, and a collection of love spoons. Miss Jones was picked to make the trip from over 1,100 candidates because she best expresses the feeling of "Cyfarchion o Gymru," which means "Greetings from Wales." Miss Jones, who is five-foot-three, has a five-foot-six harp which she strums like an angel and a sign that reads "LLanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysilliogogoch," or "St.-Mary's-church-in-a-hollow-of-white-hazel-close-to-a-rapid-whirlpool-and-St.-Tysilio's-church-and-near-a-red-cave." As if you didn't know.

The top hat, along with a red coat and silver-buckled shoes, is the national dress of Welsh women and is worn on special occasions, such as St. David's Day (March 1). The corgi is an eleven-month-old Welsh bitch, a breed which was exempted from taxes by Howell the Good in 916, "if they could keep the pasture clear of trespassing beasts and wild lurking animals." As for the coracle, it is a boat made of wicker and cowhide and was admired by the Roman warriors when they invaded Wales back in 52 B.C. Janet borrowed her coracle from a fifteenth-century court called Tu Hwnt i'r Bont, but the boats are used on salmon rivers to this day and taking a coracle on the Tiefi is akin to punting on the Thames. Oh, yes, about the love spoons, they are given to Welsh girls by Welsh boys as a tangible indication that spooning is about to commence.

• • Ah, But It's Great to Be Home in Little Old N.Y.: We stopped in at our corner coffeepot for a second cup of coffee the other morning, ordered buttered toast with it. The toast arrived dry, with a pat of butter on the side. "Sorry, sir," the waitress explained, "the kitchen don't butter toast after eleven o'clock."

—Horace Sutton.

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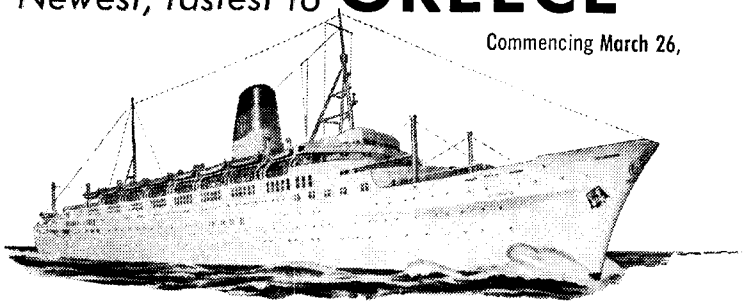

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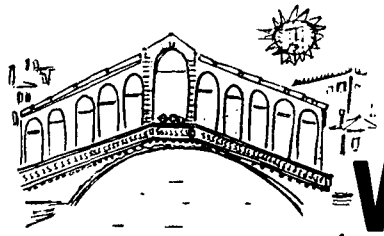

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Grapefruit Baseball

By HAROLD ROSENTHAL

THE Russians may have invented baseball and the Giant manager's real handle could be Lev Durochov, as they insist, but no one is going to take spring training away from us Americans. It's 100 per cent home grown. Says right here in the Encyclopedia of Baseball, the trade's super-bible, that Harry Wright put his Philadelphia players on a Southbound train one wintry day early in 1886 and took off for Charleston, South Carolina.

Just about the same time, halfway across the country, Cap Anson and a dozen of his Chicago regulars were entraining for Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they could walk a daily twenty miles without freezing to death.

From this humble beginning almost seventy years ago has grown one of baseball's most attractive facets, the annual preseason conditioning and all the accompanying frills. And if it gets tough occasionally on a player's slightly-unused muscles the same cannot be said for the vacationist sitting and watching. He's having a better time than he would at the biggest mid-season double-header—plenty of shirt-sleeved sitting-in-the-sun, proximity to the players, and no traffic to buck after an exhibition game is over.

So attractive has spring training become tourist-wise in the decade since the end of World War II, what with vastly-improved roads and quick, convenient air transportation, that a great many people plan their vacations around the spring-training activities of their favorite major league clubs. Such activities take them to one of four places—the East Coast of Florida, ranging from Daytona Beach down to Miami; the central portion around Lakeland and Orlando; the Gulf Coast centering around St. Petersburg and Tampa; and the desert playlands of Arizona, where two of the three clubs scheduled to train this spring will be World Series clubs, the Giants at Phoenix and the Cleveland Indians at Tucson.

Spring training conveys a feeling of proximity and closeness to the players and the game impossible to duplicate once the season starts and the clubs move into their big stadia up North. In the spring you're so close to the players that you can hear the flip comments and the time-worn words of encouragement by the coaches. The grass is greener than it will be back North in June and July.

This year a player request that no one be permitted in camp or in uniform until March 1 has been honored by the club owners. That lops about a week off spring training. Also there's an inter-league rule that no spring exhibition games will be played before March 10. So unless you're satis-

NATIONAL LEAGUE

TEAM	TRAINING SITE	BALL PARK
N. Y. Giants	Phoenix, Arizona	Municipal Stadium
Brooklyn Dodgers	Vero Beach, Florida	Holman Stadium
Milwaukee	Bradenton, Florida	Braves Field
Philadelphia	Clearwater, Florida	Clearwater Athletic Field
Cincinnati	Tampa, Florida	Plant Field
Chicago	Mesa, Arizona	Rendezvous Park
Pittsburgh	Fort Myers, Florida	Terry Park
St. Louis	St. Petersburg, Florida	Al Lang Field

AMERICAN LEAGUE

TEAM	TRAINING SITE	BALL PARK
N. Y. Yankees	St. Petersburg, Florida	Miller Huggins Field
Cleveland	Tucson, Arizona	Hi Corbett Field
Chicago	Tampa, Florida	Al Lopez Field
Detroit	Lakeland, Florida	Henley Field
Boston	Sarasota, Florida	Payne Field
Washington	Orlando, Florida	Tinker Field
Baltimore	Daytona Beach, Florida	Island Park
Kansas City	West Palm Beach, Florida	Wright Field

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fied with fungo hitting and sliding practice don't plan to reach your favorite camp until then.

THERE are a certain number of time-tested rules governing the conduct of vacationists at baseball camps. The prime thought, of course, is that the players are there to work into tip-top condition within the span of six weeks, and if they happen to entertain you it's only incidental. After that the rules fall into place.

Firstly, be prepared to spend almost as much, if not actually the same amount of money, for admission as you're accustomed to back home. Spring training costs have increased over the years and the clubs have gradually boosted their prices up around the $2-$2.50 for reserved seats and $1.50 for general admission. Bleacher accommodations are available, just as they are in the big parks back North, but you've never tested the hardness of a narrow plank or a scorching stretch of cement until you've gone for the bleacher accommodations in spring training.

The size of the ball parks you'll be visiting in the next month or two will be vastly smaller than the ones you've seen in the major leagues. Rarely will you be in one seating more than six or seven thousand. That means you'll be closer to the action but it will behoove you, too, to behave yourself, conversationally. Any barbed quips will be heard far more easily by the ballplayers. Furthermore, while only a handful of wives attend the regular-season games, usually they turn out 100 per cent in the spring. If you're sitting behind the plate or in the choice box-seat locations behind first base or third base be careful. A ballplayer may be too much concerned about his batting average to think up clever retorts, but his wife has plenty of time for mental acrobatics.

Along similar proximity lines you'll find yourself occasionally looking over the shoulder of your favorite baseball writer as he goes about his daily chore of composing reasonably deathless prose. Don't make suggestions, particularly if he's engaged in hyphenating a word. And if he's gotten the score wrong wait until he's all through before calling it to his attention.

You'll also be able to enjoy the sensation of being within earshot of your favorite baseball radio-TV announcer as he trips over an occasional diphthong. If he waxes rhapsodical over what has seemed to you a routine play don't be too harsh. The button-down collar boys in the sponsor's agency back home would have it this way.

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moves at a more leisurely pace than it does back home during the regular season. The customers take their time about finding their seats, linger a little longer after the game is over. That's because they have no commuter trains to make. A lot of the spring-training ball parks are within walking distance of the vacation hotels and certainly none is more than a ten-minute drive from any part of that particular town.

On the field don't expect to see your favorite pitcher go nine innings. He's pitching in an exhibition game and that means he's there primarily to get in shape, not stock up on arm miseries for the rest of the season. And, furthermore, don't yell for the sheriff claiming you've been short-changed because you paid your good money and now the manager's running in the rinky-dinks in the fourth inning. This is the only time of the year a manager can play a man he wants to look at without running the risk of having it show up with possibly disastrous effects in the box score.

AND one final admonishment. If any of these particular rookies look like a combination of Ruth, Cobb, and Willie Mays go easy with your praises of him in your postcard messages home. You're liable to be a little embarrassed explaining what he's doing in the Sooner State League come July.

Among the other cardinal points are:

Don't go wandering onto the playing field while any kind of action is in progress. A ball between the eyes is just as deadly in early March as late August.

Don't expect ballplayers to drop what they're doing to autograph everything from the back of an envelope to a paper towel. Condition, not penmanship, is their aim.

Don't keep a ballplayer posed on one leg for ten minutes if he's nice enough to consent to pose for a snapshot. This one isn't for the National Art Gallery.

Don't invite ballplayers out for a drink. The hardest stuff they're permitted is beer.

Don't ask silly questions of the manager. He's been answering them since getting out of bed that morning.

Don't bet on games unless it's a small, friendly wager. For years the chronic second-division clubs have led the "grapefruit" circuit.

Don't sit for two or three hours in the sun at a game without a head covering of some kind. If you do it might be quite a while until you get to see another game.

Now you're on your own. Tourists, up!

Fiction

Continued from page 20

Lauritzen. Setting: The Old Oregon Trail. Cast: a beautiful half-breed, a fast-shooting trapper, and sundry redskins. Half-breed and trapper head for Oregon and the varmints bite the Trail. Ugh.

The scene now shifts from horse to soap opera, namely **"Find a New Heaven"** by Josephine Broughton (Little, Brown, $3.75). Lady Olivia Beauregard, a sequestered product of mid-nineteenth-century England, looks into the "curiously hot dark eyes" of her cardboard lover (an officer in the Foot Guards) and discovers "that delight for which the world is held well lost." For the sake of this delight, Olivia leaves her husband's bed and board and sets up housekeeping over a livery stable. Miss Broughton bathes Olivia's travails in Victorian gaslight and pleasant hokum.

Also in a melancholy mood is **"By Sun and Candlelight"** (Macmillan, $3), though Patricia Campbell's characters do their suffering in the Pacific Northwest, and near the turn of the century. Amory Cummings is in the lumber business, and his sensibilities have the qualities of his stock in trade. He doesn't quite succeed in ruining the lives of all about him, but it isn't for want of trying.

"The Singing and the Gold" (Doubleday, $3.75) whisks us to the first decade of the twentieth century, when some west Florida islands were dominated by a quick-tempered planter named Ed Watson. A. B. Matthiessen, which is a composite name for two people, does (or do) a fine, atmospheric job of reconstructing Watson's hectic reign. —MARTIN LEVIN.

EMBATTLED CHAPLAIN: **"The Place of Jackals,"** by Ronald Hardy (Doubleday, $3.50), is a novel about the tribulations of a French Catholic army chaplain in Indochina during the recent fighting there. Assigned to a Union force led by a tough, realistic colonel whose troops seem to share their commander's anticlericalism, Father Roget speedily reinforces the soldier's thinly-veiled contempt for him by crumbling into skin-saving, sniveling cowardice during his first satanic baptism in the fire of battle. From here on, alternating between hysterical despair and cynical apathy of spirit, Roget reels along the road of self-degradation, his wobbling gyroscope of faith further unbalanced by the lush paganism of the jungle.

Enroute he very nearly succumbs to, among other things, the assault made on him by the nymphomaniac wife of a hypocritical American missionary. His eventual redemption, which begins when he administers last rites to a dying soldier, doesn't bear the authority that one assumes the author intended, and this failure corroborates the suspicion that Mr. Hardy is a better diagnostician than therapist. He views everything through the lens of the pathologist's microscope, and his descriptions of Indochina, its life, and the futile war, seethe luxuriantly with the overripe language of putrefaction and decay.

This constant emphasis, though capable of presenting only a partial picture, nonetheless makes it a very vivid one, and "The Place of Jackals," avoiding most of the customary clichés of jungle writing, causes one's skin to crawl with gratifying frequency. —JEROME STONE.

DESPONDENT PAIR: Pete and Rita are two confused and insecure little people who think they have discovered in each other a haven from the vaguely inimical world they imagine to be outside. Their marriage occurs in the late Thirties, and Paul Hackett's **"Children of the Stone Lions"** (Putnam, $3.50) is the story of its pathetic deterioration, ending, on the eve of Pearl Harbor, in total ruin.

Outward circumstances are not unfavorable. Pete is a healthy, intelligent medical student, and Rita is pretty, vivacious, and has a modest independent income. They have a comfortable house near Boston, and soon become the parents of a normal child.

But neither of them responds to the general tensions of the times or to the minor inadequacies in their relationship in a mature, responsible fashion. Each seems eager to become the victim of the other's helplessness, and before the end Pete is performing abortions and supplying draft-dodgers with fake ailments, and Rita is a drunkard with strong lesbian tendencies.

Their story is told in the voice of Pete, and its tone, apparently quietly efficient and matter-of-fact, reflects an attitude of despondence and lethargic regret. It is the voice of youth already drained dry before its prime has ever been reached; the voice of youth to whom the world is no strength-challenging oyster, but the discarded shell of one that someone else has already opened.

In depriving his characters of greater stature Mr. Hackett deprives his novel of stature; but he writes carefully and honestly, and displays a capacity for human sympathy which we cannot help but admire.

— J. S.

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U. S. A.

Continued from page 17

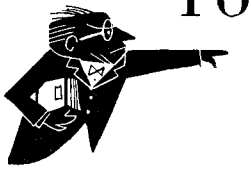
to justify the means or establish the ends he had in view. This was his personal tragedy, Professor Robinson writes, and because his major decisions had majority support "it was also the tragedy of the American people."

This is a rather sweeping indictment and one that is hard to understand in view of Roosevelt's role in leading the nation back from the depression depths of the early 1930s, his strong reinvigoration of the forces of democracy, and his tremendous services in the course of the war. Roosevelt made many mistakes, his domestic policies never achieved full economic recovery, and the validity of a number of his wartime decisions will be questioned and debated as long as history is written. Yet how can his leadership be so easily written off as a failure? This would appear to be possible only on the assumption that at the present time, as a consequence of the role Roosevelt played from 1933 to 1945, American democracy and the American way of life are wholly doomed.

Professor Robinson appears to be completely caught up in his own fears and alarms of the present day. Disregarding the tremendous impact of forces that no national leader could control, and the basic changes that have come over twentieth-century society through the ineluctable processes of history, he would hold Roosevelt entirely responsible for the continuing crisis that today confronts the free world. And this is not all. He implies that the sinews of democracy have been so weakened by the Roosevelt policies that the American people can hardly hope to meet successfully this continuing crisis. This is not detachment; it is defeatism.

Apart from the dubious bases for the author's major premise, "The Roosevelt Leadership" is a curiously disjointed and episodic account of the years from 1933 to 1945. It does not give either a coherent analysis of Roosevelt's domestic and foreign policies or a satisfactory interpretation of what may be discovered of his personal philosophy. The occasional flashes of insight or shrewd comment are obscured by sudden shifts in the point of view, an awkward use of contemporary quotations, frequent contradictions, and confused syntax. The book sometimes seems to be a preliminary selection of source-material notes rather than a reasoned interpretation of their significance. A valuable, and highly interesting feature, however, is the concluding section dealing with Rooseveltian literature.

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

THOSE BOSSY AUTHORS

Writers sometimes get executive complexes and go around giving orders like top sergeants or planing-mill foremen. Here are twenty titles, mainly of books, all of which are in the imperative mood. Name the authors (that's in the imperative mood, too). If you get twelve or fewer, go fly a kite; from thirteen through seventeen, don't cheer yet; eighteen or better, rest content. Answers on page 49.

1. Put Yourself in His Place	( ) Conrad Aiken
2. Arouse and Beware	( ) Erskine Caldwell
3. Look Homeward, Angel	( ) Carl Carmer
4. Leave Her to Heaven	( ) Bennett Cerf
5. Kiss Me, Deadly	( ) Stuart Cloete
6. Bring! Bring!	( ) Bing Crosby
7. Give Your Heart to the Hawks	( ) Walter de la Mare
8. Come Hither	( ) William Faulkner
9. Try and Stop Me	( ) O. Henry
10. Go Down, Moses	( ) Robinson Jeffers
11. Let Your Mind Alone!	( ) MacKinlay Kantor
12. Make Bright the Arrows	( ) Ring Lardner
13. Call Me Lucky	( ) Edna St. Vincent Millay
14. Don't Go Away Mad	( ) Charles Reade
15. Kneel to the Rising Sun	( ) William Saroyan
16. Punch, Brothers, Punch!	( ) Mickey Spillane
17. Treat 'Em Rough	( ) James Thurber
18. Let Me Feel Your Pulse	( ) Mark Twain
19. Watch for the Dawn	( ) Ben Ames Williams
20. Listen for a Lonesome Drum	( ) Thomas Wolfe

The Pose of Poetry

Continued from page 11

regard of logic. Here you have, in association but in contradiction of each other, not only those balancing opposites, the remover and the ever-fixéd mark, the calculated height and the incalculable worth, but those different and irreconcilable opposites, the rosy cheeks and lips and the murdering sickle's edge. And here you have also, in harsh juxtaposition, the sea image against the star image, and the bold, tragic figure at the edge of doom against the fumbling figure of the pleader in the courts.

Or take, if you prefer, the emotions and the meanings which these images and these propositions arouse. Take the rejected doubt at the beginning as to the possibility of that love which is also the marriage of true minds; the affirmation of love's steadfastness in every situation and face to face with every danger of alteration, remove and tempest; the desperate persistence of that heartbroken line, "Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks/but bears it out. . . ."; the irony, noble rather than bitter, of the end:

> If this be error and upon me proved,
> I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

meaning, of course, that if love is not as eternal as lovers, at the height of their passion, think it is, then no man ever loved—an irony which, like all true irony, is also true.

Take all this, these propositions in this context, these images in this relation to each other, and contrast them with the propositions and the images of ordinary discourse. If the coherence, the logical progression, of ideas and meanings in ordinary discourse is orderly in the reasonable sense of the word, order, then the relation of these ideas and meanings is disorderly or, in any event, beyond order. And yet all this, the altering emotions, the strangely unrelated images crowding on each other's heels —all this is part of the language of the poem: as much a part of it as the order and regularity of the metric, the counterpoint of the perfectly balanced rhythm and the intricate structure of the verbal sounds.

If the language of Shakespeare's sonnet, then, may be taken as characteristic of the language of poetry, we can only assume that that language is founded on a very curious paradox: a marriage of strictly regulated sound with illimitably liberated sense—sound more strictly regulated

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than it is in any other use of words—sense more largely liberated than by any other verbal means. The language of poetry is a language composed of words, yes, but of words arranged in a certain relationship, and the characteristic of that relationship is that it combines these contrary elements.

How it combines them is, of course, the secret of the art to be discovered not by analysis and generalization but by the study of examples. Coleridge, who was more conscious of the contraries than later critics have been, believed that the paradox was resolved "by that synthetic and magical power to which I would exclusively appropriate the name of Imagination." "This power," he went on, "reveals itself in the balance or reconcilement of discordant qualities . . . a more than usual state of emotion with more than usual order." But however the poetic process is described, whether in Coleridge's terms or in Dylan Thomas's comparable, "That momentary peace which is a poem," the essential recognition is the recognition that the "discordant qualities" do exist in the language of poetry itself, and that the successful use of the language in a particular poem is the use which Coleridge describes as "reconcilement."

A recent book ("The Structure of Poetry") by the English critic Elizabeth Sewell deals with Coleridge's problem, though without reference to Coleridge's statement of it, in terms which members of our generation should find interesting. I cannot for myself accept Miss Sewell's view of the nature of the poetic purpose or of the limitations on its accomplishment, but her theory of the relationship of order to disorder in the language of poetry seems to me illuminating and useful in itself and in its implications. It seems to me true, that is, to say as Miss Sewell does that language is organized *otherwise* in poetry. It seems to me true to say that this organization is dual, affecting both sound and meaning and affecting both differently. It seems to me true also to say that the first organization, the organization of the sound and look of the words, is in the direction of order, while the second, the organization of meanings, is in the direction of disorder—or what the mind, which distrusts feeling and emotion, would call disorder. It seems to me true, finally, to say that poetry, regarded as a language, is uniquely capable of expressing at one and the same time these discordant opposites. For my own part, however, I should wish to add that it is not only by "organization" (Miss Sewell's word) that this is accomplished. A poem is not a static structure but a movement in time, and Coleridge's "balance or reconcilement" is still the perfect phrase for the description of that work of art which holds the conciliation between order on the one side and disorder on the other in the only way so precarious a balance can be held: in the continuing motion of a dance.

BUT even so, and no matter how the language of poetry is defined, it remains to ask what the consequence of the poetic reconcilement is. For any language has consequences. It conveys. And what it conveys, at its greatest effectiveness, is knowledge. Or, more precisely, what it *becomes* at its most effective is knowledge—for the knowledge embodied in a work of art may have had no previous existence as knowledge anywhere, including the consciousness of the artist. Of what knowledge, then, is poetry a language?

One obvious answer can be given at the outset. If poetry enables the human mind to manage the discordant opposites of order and disorder, and if it is this management of opposites which characterizes the knowledge poetry expresses, this containment in balance of "a more than usual state of emotion 'with' more than usual order," then the knowledge expressed in and by poetry is not what we commonly have in mind when we use that term. It is not, for example, the knowledge communicated by the language of science or by the language of mathematics, for the characteristic of both these languages is their capacity to convey not knowledge of *disorder* but knowledge of that order into which, as science and mathematics believe, all disorder can be translated. Indeed the end and aim of the languages of science and mathematics is precisely to destroy disorder by making order of it.

The point is well made by the familiar story of the rebuke administered to Robert Oppenheimer during his student days in Germany. "I understand," said a professor of physics, "you are writing poetry as well as working at physics. I don't see how

you can do both. In science one tries to say something that no one knew before in a way that everyone can understand, whereas in poetry . . ." and the sentence was left to complete itself in the amused silence of the laboratory. Actually, however, as my friend and colleague Ivor Richards has suggested, the second half of the sentence is no more comical than the first. Poetry does indeed say what everyone "knew before" in a way which no one can "understand," but that fact is not a reflection on the art of poetry but on the scientific usage of the two words "understand" and "know." Every reader of poetry has *known before,* in the scientific sense, what poetry speaks of, because what poetry speaks of is the common human experience. No reader of poetry can *understand,* as science uses that word, the way in which poetry speaks of the human experience, because poetry does not address itself to what science calls the understanding. To those to whom understanding is a function of the reasoning faculty alone no poem can be *understood.* To those to whom knowledge is only knowledge when expressed in abstract terms anything abstraction has ever categorized is already *known.*

One reason for the learned physicists's scorn of the language of poetry as a vehicle of knowledge (there were doubtless others) was his apparent confusion as to the way in which the knowledge poetry expresses is conveyed. He looked for poetry to "say something" as physics does: to utter a proposition. It is a common and fairly obdurate notion. Thousands of schoolchildren are educated to believe that Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" has a "message" and that the message is "beauty is truth, truth beauty"—which, it is commonly added, isn't true. Thus, the knowledge expressed in and by the sonnet of Shakespeare we have examined becomes the "knowledge" that love is not love which alters when it alteration finds . . . that love is an ever-fixéd mark . . . which leaves the ironically tragic line "Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks" to mean nothing whatever, and voids the whole poem of its profound and moving insight. The fact is, of course, as we have noticed, that the knowledge of which this sonnet is the language is knowledge conveyed not by any message or proposition, but by

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the organization of the words of the poem—their relation to each other—and that other relation of the ideas and images to which they refer.

But if the knowledge expressed by poetry is not what the scientist means by knowledge, what then is it? What is the nature of the import which can be conveyed by so complicated and yet so direct a transfusion, or which, better, can be *expressed* in such a non-verbal use of words? The answer to that question must be looked for not among the philosophers but among the poets, and, among the poets, not in what they say but in what they do—in the poems they write, not in their comments on their poems. Lacking time or space for such a study, we must have recourse to one of the rare poets who have been able to communicate some sense of the poetic accomplishment: in our time, and most obviously, Rilke. There is little theorizing on the art of poetry anywhere in Rilke's work: he never emerges far enough from the practice of his art to see it in wholly objective terms. But there is one paragraph in "The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge" which reveals, at least by implication, something of Rilke's conception of the knowledge of which the art of poetry is capable. Ostensibly it is a paragraph on the writing of a verse. Actually it is a consideration of what the writing of a voice expresses. It is not enough, says Rilke, merely to feel: one must also see and touch and know. But it is not enough, either, to see and touch and know: one must have memories of love and pain and death. But not even memories are enough: memories must "turn to blood within us, to glance and gesture" so that they are no longer distinguishable from ourselves. Only then, and in a most rare hour, may it happen that the first word of a verse "arises in their midst and goes forth from them."

World turned experience, that is to say, turned memory, turned life, may, at the rare and fortunate moment, speak the language of poetry. But of what then does the language of poetry speak? Not of the thing experienced, though everything must be experienced. Not of the thing experienced but of *the experience itself*, the experience become man. Poetry is the consequence, as Rilke writes in a letter, "of having gone to the very end in an experience, to where no man can go farther. The farther one goes the more one's own, the more personal, the more unique an experience becomes. . . ."

There are two conceptions here, one of which will serve to distinguish the knowledge expressed by poetry from the knowledge of science. The knowledge embodied in and conveyed by science is knowledge *about* experience. The knowledge expressed in poetry is knowledge *of* experience. Science abstracts and formulates: its knowledge is a knowledge of laws applicable to every instance. Poetry presents the instance. Poetry gives knowledge of the chaos and confusion of the world by imposing an order upon it which leaves it still the chaos and the confusion which it really is. The mind, which requires order to see by as the eye requires light, accepts the formal order of art which the poem imposes and the truth is accepted with it, carried, as Coleridge said, "alive into the heart." In poetry—in the greatest poetry—experience *as it is* may be possessed. The relation of the language of poetry to the experience with which it deals is not the relation of form to content, of clothes to body. It is the relation of balance to movement. With words, but with words organized according to laws of its own, the poem creates *in* experience and out of experience a momentary eternity which is more like experience than experience itself. The poem is an action, not an urn.

This is one of the two conceptions. The other touches the nature of the knowledge of poetry. To Rilke the language of poetry speaks not only of experience but of experience turned man, which is to say, experience at those ultimate moments when it is capable of conveying a sense of our own *being*. The knowledge poetry expresses is thus that darkest and most difficult of all forms of knowledge, the knowledge of ourselves. We are incapable of knowing ourselves as such. Only in the opaque mirror of the world we touch and see and feel and hear are we made momentarily visible and tangible to ourselves in our own senses. These moments of perception are, as Rilke truly says, rare moments, but when they come it is in poetry they find their speech for only poetry can utter what they know. Other languages available to mankind may interpret them, may generalize upon our experience and ourselves. Poetry is possession of the life and of the man.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Charles Reade. 2. MacKinlay Kantor. 3. Thomas Wolfe. 4. Ben Ames Williams. 5. Mickey Spillane. 6. Conrad Aiken. 7. Robinson Jeffers. 8. Walter de la Mare. 9. Bennett Cerf. 10. William Faulkner. 11. James Thurber. 12. Edna St. Vincent Millay. 13. Bing Crosby. 14. William Saroyan. 15. Erskine Caldwell. 16. Mark Twain. 17. Ring Lardner. 18. O. Henry. 19. Stuart Cloete. 20. Carl Carmer.

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(Continued from page 49)

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DEFINITIONS

A. Angel of the Scriptures considered, in astrology, presiding spirit of the moon.

B. Mythological person whose decapitated head continued to sing sweetly.

C. Specifying the Australian thrush called also a grinder.

D. Most moist, sparkling, refreshing.

E. When husbands join families in the nearby country during summer (3 wds.).

F. South Sea island site of beautiful valley, Typee.

G. Winner, Nobel Prize for literature, 1920 (full pseudonym).

H. Tutor to the first English Prince Charles, 1641.

I. See Word M.

J. Hand over something demanded, esp. money (2 wds.).

K. Henry Van Dyke's story of a fourth of the Magi (3 wds.).

L. Mudguard to keep dirt out of a wheel axle (not the word you expect!).

M. Followed by Word I, material, usually fragrant, used for fine bindings, etc.

WORDS

106 9 194 160 162 178 124

14 27 78 169 199 92 70

207 55 95 100 182 77 157 28

183 110 23 126 161 80 151

85 185 52 123 116 189 5 135 69 74

2 58 54 159 47 82 149 94

198 59 112 18 76 53 65 158 167 84

7 184 137 67 22

29 190 196 118 177 68 155

129 42 146 195 153 72 105 108

171 175 192 121 62 73 150 17 156 38 48 144

41 143 93 34 101 166

131 181 119 57 88 26

DEFINITIONS

N. Said of a continuous belt, persistent annoyances, etc.

O. Where the "slithy toves did gyre and gimble" (3 wds.).

P. Subject of the "prose" in letter Malvolio expounds in "Twelfth Night."

Q. Stilted old word for a circus rider.

R. Rank of Gerard de Rousillon among the douzepers of Charlemagne.

S. A negative not reversed in position (printing; comp.).

T. The few words in which one "sums up."

U. Marsh gas; chief constituent of fire damp.

V. Biology's word for fauna found in both hemispheres.

W. Western U.S. for a cattle thief.

X. Largest diamond ever known, now part of British Crown jewels.

Y. One who dislikes water.

WORDS

25 71 60 37 30 141 83

1 11 75 203 45 138 152 122 147

168 63 31 79 205 21 193 163 102

107 173 66 32 180 16 201 134 8 117 204 176

3 13 12 36 174 113 96

104 50 111 6 97 43 172 132 170 19 15

46 64 86 133 139 164 99 125

187 20 81 44 51 89 61

200 179 154 4 10 90 142 188 56

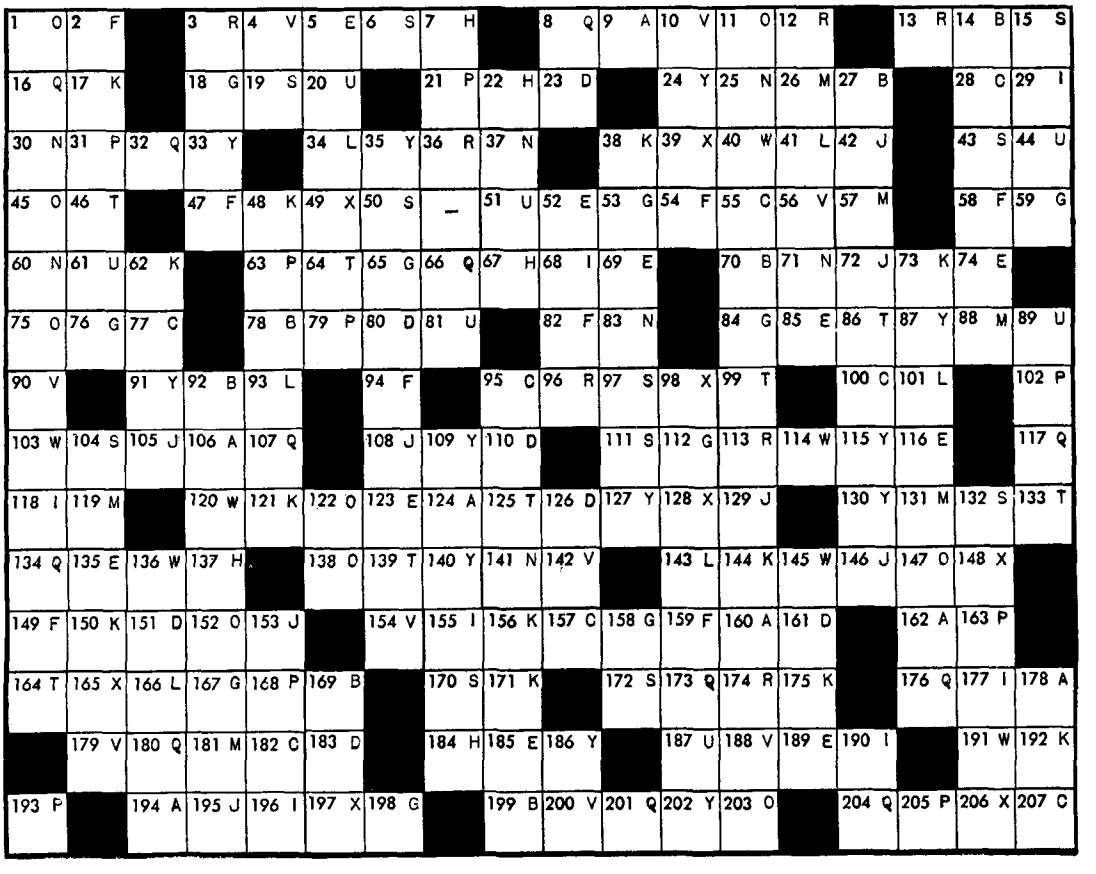
40 114 145 191 103 136 120

197 128 98 49 206 165 39 148

109 24 186 115 140 130 87 127 91 35 33 202

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 48 of this issue.

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The Roman Carnival
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VIVALDI
Concerto in C for Two Trumpets and Orchestra
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WAGNER
Die Meistersinger, Prelude, Act 1
Zurich Tonhalle Orch., Otto Ackermann, Conducting

BACH
Toccata and Fugue in D Minor
Alexander Schreiner at the Organ of the Tabernacle Salt Lake City

DUKAS
Sorcerer's Apprentice
Utrecht Symphony, Paul Hupperts, Conducting

MOUSSORGSKY
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